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NEW YORK TABLET

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

VOL. II. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859. NO. 31.

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THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS;

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER I.

"Is Iran's pride, then, gone for ever,
Quenched with the flame in Mithra's caves?—
No—she has sons that never—never—
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,
While heaven has light, or earth has graves."
MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh.*

THE long dreary reigns of Elizabeth and James, her successor, had passed over bleeding, suffering Ireland like a hideous dream, and the persecuted Catholics of that country hailed the accession of Charles I. to the throne of his father, as the dawn of a day that was to bring them peace and rest. For the king spoke them fair and made many soothing promises, and they, in their exuberant loyalty, and in the gush of newly-awakened hope, believed every word he said, nor dreamed that the faithlessness of all his race had descended upon this young prince, whose precocious gravity of demeanor and affected generosity of sentiment were alike calculated to impose on the credulous and unsuspecting. But the king wanted money, as the Stuart princes always did, and who so ready as the Irish Catholics to supply it, hoping thereby to secure the monarch's favor, and to obtain from his gratitude at least, if not his justice, those concessions which might raise them nearer the level of the other subjects of the realm. Plundered and dispossessed of their estates by the wholesale confiscations of the previous reigns, it is matter of astonishment to us at this day that anything was left them to give. Undoubtedly the native chieftains were many of them landless men, stripped of their immense possessions by the crying injustice of English sovereigns and their willing agents, the Lords Deputies of Ireland. But the Catholics of the Pale were not so bankrupt in this world's goods—they being of English descent—had been somewhat more leniently dealt with, and the fairest and richest portion of the island was still in their hands. They, then, were better able to advance money, and it is probable the greater portion of the subsidies came from them—who but they had it to give? However it was, no less a sum than *one hundred and twenty thousand pounds*—an enormous sum in that age—was sent over by the Catholics of Ireland as a peace-offering to the king. The money once received, Charles thought no more of the promised "graces," and the work of persecution and spoliation went on in Ireland with undiminished violence, under the truculent and remorseless Strafford, the devoted henchman of the faithless king. The Catholics, amazed and disappointed, petitioned and remonstrated—reminded the king of the gracious promises which had beguiled them into hope, and of the solemn contract into which he had entered with them, but Charles gave them no sort of satisfaction, and his minister in Ireland silenced their just complaints with insult and mockery, and proceeded, with that diabolical ingenuity which was characteristic of the man, to invent new schemes of robbery for the benefit of his unworthy master. The Commission of Defective Titles was appointed for the modest and laudable purpose of dispossessing the Chieftains of Connaught of their remaining lands and hereditaments—the pretence was to examine into the titles of all the estates of the Province, but the examination was only a legal farce. The juries were in every instance coerced by the tyrant Strafford into finding for the king. In fact, no alternative was left them. If they declared in favor of the owners of the property, their own goods were confiscated, and their persons dragged to Dublin to undergo the tortures of the hell-devised Star Chamber, so that no alternative was left them but to *find* the existing title *Defective*, and by their verdict to turn an ancient family out of its possessions, to swell the ranks of the landless and beggared men who formed the great bulk of the native gentry.

But the work of iniquity did not prosper with either Charles Stuart or his *factotum*, Strafford. The Irish nation was bound hand and foot, as they thought, and the inheritance of its loyal and long-suffering sons transferred in cash to the coffers of the English king, but the all-seeing eye of a just God was on them and their deeds of darkness were registered above. Even when their power seemed at the highest, their doom was recorded, and the crash of their fall resounded through the civilized world. The same party whom the king, in his selfish blindness, permitted to harry and distress his faithful subjects in Ireland, in England and in Scotland, rose up in arms against him, and by a signal stroke of retributive justice Strafford first, and himself at a later period, suffered death at the hands of the ruthless fanatics who were armed with power to smite them. When the king's affairs became desperate, his enemies many and powerful and his friends few, he was forced to recall Strafford from Ireland, hoping that his tried fidelity, indomitable courage, and known ability, might help to extricate him from the toils in which his own duplicity had ensnared him. Vain and short-sighted calculations! The measure of Strafford's iniquity was full, and the hands which had exercised such cruelties on the long-enduring Irish Catholics were soon manacled by the fierce Puritans and rendered powerless for evil or for good. His subsequent fate is well known to all readers of history, but before his haughty neck was laid on the block, the king his master replaced him in Ireland by two joint governors named Lords *Justices* (strange perversion of terms!). Of all the Popery-hating, plunder-loving rulers ever sent by the *paternal* government of England to soothe the woes and sufferings of Catholic Ireland, these two men, Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlase, stand out in the light of history as amongst the most odious robbers and persecutors. Even the bold, blustering, barefaced villany of the royalist Strafford was better than the smooth, hypocritical, all-grasping, and no less ferocious dealings of these truculent agents of the Covenanting rebels styled by themselves and others the Parliament of England. It was a dismal day for poor bleeding, prostrate Ireland, when this pair of associates were sworn in as Lords Justices, the actual Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Leicester, being then and long after resident in England.

Amongst other atrocities of those penal days in Ireland was the famous Court of Wards, established some years before with the avowed object of protecting all heirs and heiresses, but in reality for the double purpose of depriving them not only of their patrimony, but of what was far more important, their faith, for, be it known to the reader, that *Catholic* wards were the special care of this precious *Court*. That such was the case Ireland knew to her cost, for the working of this institution was more fatal to her cherished faith than all the open persecution of the times. Many of the descendants of her noblest and most ancient families were in this way snatched from the fold of truth, and brought up in rancorous hatred of that religion for which their fathers suffered and died. Of this number was the famous James Butler, Earl of Ormond, the representative of one of the oldest Anglo-Irish houses of the Pale, who, being an orphan from his childhood, was of course laid hold of by the Court of Wards, taken at nine years old from a Catholic school near London, transferred to the *care* of the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and "trained up in the way" the English government "would have him go," till he became the able and unscrupulous minister of the crown, and one of the most dangerous—because insidious—enemies the Catholics of Ireland ever had. But worse than Ormond—worse than the fiercest blood-hounds of the Parliament, was another of these royal wards, viz., Murrough O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, a man who outdid all his colleagues—the fanatical persecutors of the Catholics—with the single exception of the monster Sir Charles Coote—in implacable enmity towards the religion of his fathers. Even Coote himself did not exceed this degenerate descendant of the great O'Brien's in savage cruelty towards the unhappy professors of the proscribed faith, when they fell into his hands.

Truly was Catholic Ireland then passing through the sea of affliction, enveloped in the darkest gloom of the penal days. Her religion proscribed by law, its professors styled *recusants*, exposed with the poor remains of their possessions to the tender mercies of such men as we have been describing, at the head o infuriate bands of English soldiery.

Prostrate and helpless the whole country seemed to lie before them, terrified into passive obedience, with no sign or symptom of life save the convulsive thrill of agony which ever and anon passed through the tortured frame when some honored head was smitten by the oppressor's sword, or some fresh outrage was perpetrated on the general body. But was this apathy real or only apparent?—was there not, in all the land, one patriot soul to conceive a thought of freedom?—where were the sons of those martyred chiefs who had lost fortune, and lands, and life itself for conscience' sake?—where the O'Neills and O'Donnells, were there none to inherit their wrongs?—where the O'Moores of Leix who in preceding reigns had lost every foot of their princely possessions, and were driven forth as wanderers on the earth?—where the O'Byrnes of Wicklow whose noble spirit of independence, and undisguised hatred of the foreign foe,* had drawn down on them the fiercest vengeance of tyrannic rulers for ages past, so that they were made to endure every evil that malice could invent or power execute?—were they all dead or slept they in their chains that no manner of complaint was heard, nor threat of vengeance? Ah! the time for complaints had passed away—they were tried all too long, and had been found only to excite ridicule and contempt. Threats and menaces would have seemed nothing short of madness, for all power was in the hands of the ritiless enemy, and no hope of redress or liberation could quicken the pulse or warm the heart of a nation in whom life was almost extinct. No sound, then, was heard from the despised masses of "the mere Irish" to indicate either hope or fear—a sullen silence reigned in all the Catholic provinces—the native tribes and the descendants of the Norman settlers were alike sunk in stolid hopelessness, to judge from what was visible on the surface. What was passing in the secret depths, amongst those slumbering masses, it is for us now to show.

Somewhere about the middle of September, in the memorable year of 1641, a party of gentlemen were assembled around a festive board in a back parlor of a house in Bridge street, Dublin. The room was comfortably but plainly furnished, and the black oak table with its pewter plates and dishes and earthen drinking-cups denoted but moderate means on the part of the entertainer, yet there was that about him which savored of a different order of life, and though all his guests—they were four or five in number—were not, in manner at least, of the same high polish as himself, they were all evidently of a class entitled, if not accustomed, to costlier fare and more humble service than that which fell to their lot on the present occasion. They were all habited alike in the gay and not ungraceful costume of the native Irish Chieftains, though it required not *truis* or *cochal*, to prove that such they were. Their ages were different, though all might be called young, for the oldest could not have seen forty, while the junior of the party was still in the summer of life. As they quaff their Spanish wine and idly while away in cheerful chit-chat the half-hour after the *viands* were removed, let us tell the reader in confidence who they were. The handsome and high-bred host, with his long and silken hair so smoothly parted on his high white forehead and falling on either side in the most exquisite of *cooluns*, is no other than Roger O'Moore, the disinherited heir of the domains of Leix, although none might trace on his frank, engaging countenance even the faintest shadow of the stormy passions which wrongs like his were apt to foster in the soul. Near him on the right sat a younger man of prepossessing appearance, his manners marked by that careless ease which indicates the consciousness of rank, together with a certain assumption of superiority which might, or might not, give offence according to the dispositions of the company. This was Connor Maguire, Lord Enniskillen, more commonly known then, as since, by the name of Lord Maguire. Next to him sat a personage of more mature years, whose face and form were cast in a rougher mould, while his bushy whiskers and thick short hair of sandy hue gave an air of fierceness to the contour of his head that did not belong to his broad, honest face, which was more indicative of good-nature than anything else. This was Tirlogh O'Neill, brother of the famous Sir Phelim, and as true a clansman as ever trod Tyrone heather. On the opposite side of the table were two other gentlemen, both in the prime of life, one of whom it was easy to distinguish as O'Reilly of Cavan, for his was the tall, thin, yet sinewy frame, the fair and rather delicate features, and the calm dignity of mien which ever characterized that far descended line of chieftains. The other gentleman was a promising scion of the noble house of McMahon of Monaghan, and he, too, carried about

* The daring exploits of the famous Wicklow Chief Feagh McHugh O'Byrne "and his hard-riding men" only a generation or so before, are already celebrated in song and story—if not in history.

him the most prominent marks of his race—their frank sincerity their earnestness of purpose, and a shrewdness which eminently fitted them for elbowing their way through life.

The distinctive peculiarities of each were more or less subdued on the present occasion, and the wine appeared to circulate more slowly than might be expected, notwithstanding the challenges of the host.

"Why, gentlemen," said O'Moore at length with sudden vivacity, "I marvel much at your disregard of wine which I have taken some pains to provide of such quality as I thought likely to make you merry at heart. How is it?—are ye thinking to conform to Puritan ways of godliness?"

"Nay, my very good friend," made answer Lord Maguire, "if it be with others of your guests as it is with me, their thoughts are too big for much speech."

O'Moore's assumed vivacity suddenly vanished, but a glow of satisfaction overspread his features. "You have been thinking, then, friends and noble gentlemen, of the matter concerning which I spoke to you severally as occasion offered heretofore. I trust I see you all in the same mind, resolved to lend what power in you lies to the relief and comfort of our suffering country."

The guests exchanged glances, and a certain embarrassment was visible amongst them. Maguire was the first to break silence. He assured O'Moore that no one felt more keenly than himself the galling yoke of the oppressor, "but," said he, "it would be worse than useless for us to make any show of resistance at the present time, seeing that we have neither arms, ammunition, money, nor anything whatsoever to fit an army for the field."

"It is even so," said McMahon bitterly; "between confiscations, fines and subsidies, and what not, they have left us bare as whipping-posts. We have nothing to start us in the trade of war—all is in their hands!"

"Nothing!" cried O'Neill with ill-concealed impatience; "call you nothing, Costelloe McMahon, the strong arms and stout hearts who follow the standards of our chiefs? Why, man, we could raise an army in a month—ay! and shorter time—fit to sweep the cut-throat Englishers into the sea!"

"Spoken like a true son of the Hy-Nial!" said O'Moore, reaching across Lord Maguire to grasp the rough hand wherewith Tirlogh had made the table quiver to the tune of his fiery speech.

"All well as far it goes," observed Maguire drily, his dignity being somewhat hurt by his host's momentary forgetfulness of the respect due to his person; "men we have in great plenty, but who will put arms in their hands, and clothes on their backs, and find them wherewithal to live while they fight the country's battles? Would ye send them into the field as droves of sheep, without means of offence or defence, to be butchered at will by the fanatic soldiers of the English Parliament?"

"No need of that," replied O'Neill with increasing warmth; "there be iron and wood enough, for small purchase, to make most excellent pikes, which will serve, I opine, till better weapons come within reach, and I tell you, Connor Maguire," he added significantly, "the smiths of Tyrone have not been idle this time back, and moreover I can answer for one chieftain at least——"

"Ay! and who may that be?"

"PHELIM O'NEILL!" said the haughty clansman with stern emphasis, and a contemptuous glance at his neighbor; "*he* at least is ready when his country calls him to the rescue—*he* will offer no excuses—I tell you that, Roger O'Moore—you may reckon on my brother whensoever and howsoever you need his aid in this matter."

Had Maguire been as hot-blooded as O'Neill it might have given their host some trouble to prevent a quarrel, but happily the chieftain of Fermanagh was not of such choleric temperament, and with a somewhat higher degree of polish had a certain amount of caution which enabled him to control his feelings when he deemed it expedient.

The other guests were visibly alarmed for the effect of O'Neill's taunt, and O'Moore was about to interpose with his most winning smile, but Maguire set them all at rest by saying in a good humored way:

"I call ye all to witness that Tirlogh here took me up over quickly. If I did express some doubts concerning our present state of readiness, I had no thoughts of dallying behind when others were of a mind to go forward. Right glad am I to hear that my good friend of Tyr-owen is pushing matters on. Heaven knows there be no time for delay—but for me I do hope to see some other thing besides pikes in the hands of our men when they come to blows with an enemy so well armed and otherwise fitted out for war."

"You are in the right, my good lord," said O'Moore, glancing with evident relief at the restored good humor visible on Tirlogh's broad face; "much caution is needful in a matter of so great import, but the provision of all things requisite for the maintenance of warfare has been well considered before now. There be those of our friends beyond seas in divers countries, as ye all know, who have much skill in these matters, and they wait but the signal to be with us with good store of all things needful which, through God's mercy and the royal charity of Catholic princes, they have in speedy expectation."

"*Lamh dearg aboo!*" shouted he of Tyr-owen, jumping to his feet with a suddenness that made the others start, "I knew it Roger!—I knew *they* wouldn't fail us!"

"It is even so, Tirlogh," replied his host smiling at the other's *capricole*, "the Red Hand is working for us even now—not only amongst the hills of Tyr-owen, but in the courts of Europe and in the councils of kings."

"Tyrone will be a host in himself," observed O'Rielly, who had not as yet taken part in the conversation; "his father's great deeds are in all men's minds,* and his name will be enough of itself to stir up the northern clans."

"OWEN ROE is worth a dozen of him!" said the rough-spoken Tirlogh; "fighting is no novelty to Owen—he's well used to it, and can teach us all we want to know!—Lamh dearg aboo!—there's not a man of the O'Neill's but will follow Owen Roe!"

"You forget Sir Phelim, Tirlogh!" said Costelloe McMahon with a meaning smile; "he has been so long now the first man in Tyr-owen that I fear me much he will not take bidding even from the hero of Arras or the belted Earl himself!"

"Oh! *that's* another story," said O'Neill somewhat more coolly; "there's no need for him to take bidding—they can pull together—and they will too, please God on high!"

"Never was more need," said O'Moore, fixing his thoughtful eye on each of his guests in turn, "there be news now to set us on if we ever mean to do anything!"

Maguire's anxious interrogatory was seconded by the startled look of the others. "What worse news can there be than those which daily come to our ears? Thank Heaven! matters cannot be worse with us than they are!"

"They *can* be worse, my lord, and they *will*, if we do not something before long—have ye heard of this letter lately intercepted."

"What letter?"

"Why, one from Scotland to a *planter* in the north, one Freeman by name, apprising him that the Scotch covenanting army is coming over anon in full strength to massacre every Papist in this unhappy country."

"It is true, then, what Parsons said at the banquet,"† said Maguire with a quivering lip, "not content with taking all our substance, they must needs take our lives, too. Truly they treat us as wolves——"

"Yet we submit as lambs to their bloody oppression," said O'Moore eagerly; "let us but turn on them with the strength that God gave us and you shall see them wither as grass before our righteous anger!—make but a gallant show—rise in union and in strength—stand before them as men resolved—and they will not dare to smite ye! The first news of our rising will bring over supplies of all we want from the friendly courts of Europe—our exiled countrymen will rush to aid us with the skill they have gained in foreign wars, and before many months go by, if we but keep together as we ought, we may hunt from our shores the ferocious beasts who fatten on our spoils and on our blood, stand as free men on the soil that is ours by right and worship God after the manner of our fathers in the way we deem safe for our soul's weal!—what say ye, friends and gentlemen!—chieftains of the north! shall we still be motionless under the enemy's armed heel, and suffer him to sweep our race from the face of God's earth without striking even one blow for freedom or revenge? Which one of us is there whose father they have not robbed—ay! and *murdered*"—his deep, impassioned voice sank to a thrilling whisper as he spoke the hideous word, and whether by accident or design he turned his eloquent eyes full on McMahon, whose immediate ancestor, McMahon of Dartrey, had actually been hung in front of his own door‡ in the stormy days, yet fresh in all men's minds, when Hugh O'Neill was waging his heroic but unequal war against the giant power of Elizabeth.

McMahon rose, and with flushed cheek and flashing eye gave his hand to O'Moore: "Such aid as I can give, Rory, you shall have—the cause is just, and the God of justice will bless our arms—we were no men, either you or I, could we forget Dartrey or Mullaghmast.§ When the banner of your country is again unfurled, the men of Uriel will be found in the right place and at a fitting time. O'Reilly, what say you?"

I say this, Costelloe McMahon, that there beats not in Irish bosoms hearts more true than those of Breffny-O'Reilly. Let the clans of Ulster once raise the war-shout and the Red-Hand point the way, the O'Reillys will not be hindermost, take my word!"

"Uriel and Breffny for ever!" shouted Tirlogh O'Neill; "I told you the truth was in them, Rory O'Moore!—now for Fermanagh!" and he turned his fierce eyes on Maguire, who appeared to take the matter rather coolly for his liking.

"Fermanagh is not an ass, to be driven at will," said Maguire haughtily and coldly. "If Roger O'Moore, or any other man, can show me any fair prospect of success I am ready to join a cause which I know is just and righteous, but as yet, I have heard or seen nothing to change my opinion, namely, that as things stand now with us of the old faith it would be madness to make a show of fight. Idle boasting will do nothing, Roger O'Moore!"

O'Neill's hand was on his *skein* in an instant, and the other gentlemen, although habitually more self-possessed, could not conceal their surprise. O'Moore laid his hand on O'Neill's arm, and admonished him by a gentle pressure to listen patiently.

"Nay, Tirlogh," said Maguire with a calm smile, "if others feathers were but as easy ruffled as yours, you should have hot work of it, let me tell you. By what I said, I meant no offence to any gentleman of this good company. What I want, Rory O'Moore, is this: Before we take any rash step in a matter which concerns all men of Irish blood, or professing the Catholic faith, let us see what the lords and gentlemen of that religion in other parts of the country have a mind to do. The chain is as heavy on them as it is on us—they have as many wrongs as we to rouse their ire—of a surety, then, they will lend a hand—let us do nothing till we acquaint them and make an agreement with them as to what share of the work they will take!"

"Your lordship must surely forget," said O'Moore, his hand still resting lightly on the arm of his refractory neighbor, "what I told you a few days since when I saw you at your lodgings, to wit, that I have journeyed much of late through several parts of the Irish country and have talked the matter over with many of the first men as to name and standing—they are all well affected towards this thing, as far as I could see, and, with God's blessing, are determined to join us. There is not a man of the ancient race, I do think, in Ulster, Connaught, or Munster that will not rise at the first news of an attack on the government forces. Nay more, my good Lord, there be those of English blood—ay! within the borders of the Pale itself, who are only waiting for us to strike a blow in defence of religion when they will join us heart and soul!"

"Well, there is some encouragement in that," said Maguire, "especially as regards the Connaught and Munster tribes—as for the Palesmen, it will go hard with them when they strike a blow on the same side with us Irishry, as they choose to style us. However, Roger, I will not be the man to stand by and see others fighting my battle—it would ill become one of my name—so, in due time—nay, nay, no fierce looks, Tirlogh O'Neill!—I say in due time—that is, when fitting preparation be made there at home and our countrymen abroad are on the way of joining us with their well-tried swords—then, I and mine will not be found wanting!" He had spoken all along with a sort of nervous trepidation, that was but too visible, but as he reached the close, his voice gathered strength and firmness, and he spoke the last words in a tone as firm as even O'Moore himself could wish, though he relished not the qualified consent which ought to have come, he thought, without reserve or exception.

But O'Neill in his thoughtless, headlong generosity felt none of this, and he was the first to grasp the young nobleman's hand, which the others all did in their turn.

"Nobly said, Connor Maguire," said the warm-hearted son of the O'Neills, and his voice quivered with emotion; "I shamed to see the Chieftain of Fermanagh throwing cold water on so good a cause. Now you speak like a Maguire!—Let's have a bumper, most sage Rory, to drink Maguire's health!"

"And success to the cause in which we are all embarked!" the host added, as the brimming tankards gleamed aloft in every hand.

There was a momentary pause, during which one looked at the other, and all, as if by a common impulse, turned their eyes on Maguire. That chieftain saw the doubt, and a smile of cheering import lit his manly features. He was the first to raise the goblet to his lips and drained it to the patriotic toast as given. The others followed his example, and O'Moore felt that something had been done—the representatives of four powerful houses stood pledged to the common weal when they parted that evening.

(To be continued.)

* The Tyrone here alluded to was the son of the great Hugh O'Neill—he was the friend and counsellor of Roger O'Moore in his bold attempt to free their country. Their connection was formed abroad O'Neill being in exile.

† A little before this Sir Wm. Parsons had declared at a public entertainment that the Irish Papists should and would be exterminated.

‡ Could Philip O'Reilly have looked into the future but a few years, he would have seen a venerable chieftain of his own race hanging from a tree, within sight of his own castle windows, during the bloody Cromwellian period. These horrible tragedies are, and will ever be, traditional in Ulster.

§ Every reader of Irish history is familiar with the story of the treacherous murder of the O'Moore's at the Rath of Mullaghmast. It is one of the blackest pages in the annals of British rule in Ireland.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD, TO THE EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS.

By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P.

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—I deem it necessary to advise the reader at the start of the rule I have followed in relation to the names of places and persons in the following chapters. Finding from my own experience and from several of my acquaintances, that the ancient spelling of Irish proper names, with all their consonants, puzzled and baffled both the eye and the memory, I have invariably written those names, either under their most modern and pronounceable forms, or according to the actual pronunciation, as given by competent Gaelic scholars. In making this selection I have followed chiefly the works of the Dublin Archæologists, or the recent invaluable translation of Keating's History, by Mr. O'Mahony. For the rest, I will only add that these chapters are not written for those already well read in Irish lore; but for young people, for workingmen, for the fireside, and for all those who have neither leisure nor disposition to consult the elaborate works, from which I have extracted the essential matter, here presented.—T. D. M.]

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST INHABITANTS.

Ireland is an island in the North Atlantic, between the degrees 51° 25′ and 55° 33′ of North latitude, and 5° 25′ and 10° 35′ West longitude, from Greenwich. It is the last land usually seen by ships leaving the Old World, and the first by those which arrive there from the Northern ports of America. In size it is less than half as large as England, and in shape it may be compared to one of those shields which we see in coats-of-arms, the four Provinces—Ulster, Connaught, Leinster, and Munster—representing the four quarters of the shield.

Around the borders of the country, generally near the coast several ranges of hills and mountains rear their crests, every Province having one or more such groups. The West and South have, however, the largest and highest of these hills, from the sides of all which descend numerous rivers, flowing in various directions to the sea. Other rivers issue out of large lakes formed in the valleys, such as the Galway river which drains Lough Corrib, and the Bann which carries off the surplus waters of Lough Neagh (*Nay*). In a few districts where the fall for

the water is insufficient, marshes snd swamps were long ago formed, of which the principal one occupies nearly 300,000 acres in the very heart of the country. It is called "the Bog of Allen," and, though quite useless for farming purposes, still serves to supply the surrounding country with fuel, nearly as well as coal mines do, in other neighborhoods.

In former times, Ireland was as well wooded as watered, though hardly a tree of the primitive forest now remains. One of the earliest names applied to it was "the wooded Island," and the export of timber and staves, as well as of the furs of wild animals, continued until the beginning of the seventeenth century to be a thriving branch of trade. But in a succession of civil and religious wars, the axe and the torch have done their work of destruction, so that the age of most of the woods now standing does not date above two or three generations back.

Who were the first inhabitants of this Island, it is impossible to say, but we know it was inhabited at a very early period of the world's lifetime—probably as early as the time when Solomon, the wise, sat in Jerusalem on the throne of his father David. As we should not altogether reject, though neither are we bound to believe, the wild and uncertain traditions of which we have neither documentary nor monumental evidence, we will glance over rapidly what the old Bards and Story-tellers have handed down to us, concerning Ireland before it became Christian.

The *first* story they tell is, that about three hundred years after the Universal Deluge, Partholan, of the stock of Japhet, sailed down the Mediterranean, "leaving Spain on the right hand, and holding bravely on his course, reached the shores of the wooded western Island." This Partholan, they tell, was a double parricide, having killed his father and mother before leaving his native country, for which horrible crimes, as the Bards very morally conclude, his posterity were fated never to possess the land. After a long interval, and when they were greatly increased in numbers, they were cut off to the last man, by a dreadful pestilence.

The story of the *second* immigration is almost as vague as that of the first. The leader this time is called Nemedh, and his route is described as leading from the shores of the Black Sea, across what is now Russia in Europe, to the Baltic Sea, and from the Baltic to Ireland. He is said to have built two royal forts, and to have "cleared twelve plains of wood" while in Ireland. He and his posterity were constantly at war, with a terrible race of Formorians, or Sea Kings, descendants of Ham, who had fled from northern Africa to the western islands for refuge from their enemies, the sons of Sham. At length the Formorians prevailed, and the children of the second immigration were either slain or driven into exile, from which some of their posterity returned long afterwards, and again disputed the country, under two different denominations.

The *Firbolgs* or Belgae are the *third* immigration. They were victorious under their chiefs, the five sons of Dela, and divided the island into five portions. But they lived in days when the earth —the known parts of it at least—was being eagerly scrambled for by the overflowing hosts of Asia, and they were not long left in undisputed possession of so tempting a prize. Another expedition, claiming descent from the common ancestor, Nemedh, arrived to contest their supremacy. These last—the *fourth* immigration—are depicted to us as accomplished soothsayers and necromancers who came out of Greece. They could quell storms; cure diseases; work in metals; foretell future events; forge magical weapons; and raise the dead to life; they are called the *Tuatha de Danans*, and by their supernatural power, as well as by virtue of "the Lia Fail," or fabled "stone of destiny," they subdued their Belgic kinsmen, and exercised sovereignty over them, till they in turn were displaced by the Gaelic, or *fifth* immigration.

This fifth and final colony called themselves alternately, or at different periods of their history, *Gael*, from one of their remote ancestors; *Milesians*, from the immediate projector of their emigration; or *Scoti*, from Scota, the wife of Milesius. They came from Spain under the leadership of the sons of Milesius, whom they had lost during their temporary sojourn in that country. In vain the skilful necromancers surrounded themselves and their coveted island with magic-made tempest and terrors; in vain they reduced it in size so as to be almost invisible from sea; Amergin, one of the sons of Milesius, was a Druid skilled in all the arts of the east, and led by his wise counsels, his brothers countermined the magician, and beat them at their own weapons. This Amergin was, according to universal usage in ancient times, at once Poet, Priest, and Prophet, and when his warlike brethren divided the island between them, they left the Poet out of the reckoning. He was finally drowned in the waters of the river Avoca, which is probably the reason why that river has been so suggestive of melody and song ever since.

Such are the stories told of the *five* successive hordes of adventurers who first attempted to colonize our wooded Island. Whatever moiety of truth may be mixed up with so many fictions, two things are certain, that even before the time when our Lord and Saviour came upon earth, the coasts and harbors of Erin were known to the merchants of the Mediterranean, and that from the first to the fifth Christian century, the warriors of the west made frequent inroads on the Roman power in Britain and even in Gaul. Agricola, the Roman governor of Britain in the reign of Domitian—the first century—retained an Irish chieftain about his person, and we are told by his biographer that an invasion of Ireland was talked of at Rome. But it never took place; the Roman eagles, although supreme for four centuries in Britain, never crossed the Irish Sea; and we are thus deprived of those Latin helps to our early history, which are so valuable in the first period of the histories of every western country, with which the Romans had anything to do,

(To be continued.)

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

No official interference in the Mortara case.—Lying rumors.—The Franco-Sardinian anti-Austrian Italian league a humbug.—Marshal Canrobert and the siege of Sebastopol.—The laws applied to Montalembert's case those of 1848.—A translation of them.—Law against writers in the Belgian Chamber.—Strange "liberality" of the "Liberals."—List of the missionaries who suffered martyrdom, torture or imprisonment in Cochin-China from 1833 to 1858.—Reception of Papal Bulls.—Death of Gen. Ardant.

PARIS, 2nd December, 1858.

The reports of official interference by European powers in the affair of the boy Mortara are altogether unfounded. No such interference has taken place and no "remonstrances" have been made either by the diplomatic representative of France, or those of Austria and Prussia.

I have still another rumor to contradict: that of a design on Italy on the part of France and Sardinia. It is a piece of revolutionary trash. Our revolutionary organs here not having much to say at home are obliged to imagine all sorts of strange eventualities to give something like life to their columns and afford them pretexts for editorials which are for the most part all sound and fury signifying nothing. One of their favorite themes is the Independence of Italy. They take a most extraordinary interest in that country and their schemes for her amelioration are: 1st. The abolition of the temporal power of the Pope; 2d. The expulsion of the Austrians; 3d. The expulsion of the King of Naples. In the exercise of their trade they lately announced that King Victor Emanuel had made a speech to his army, most aggressive in its tone against Austria, and foreshadowing a Franco-Sardinian league for the purpose of ousting the representatives of Francis Joseph, depriving the Pope of his States, leaving him merely the Romagna, driving Charles of Naples from his throne and placing thereon a decendant of Murat. This was a glorious mare's nest and they all proceeded to make the most of the discovery. The Mortara business, which has furnished these journals with subject-matter up to the present time, was allowed to slumber for a day or two, or if touched upon, merely incidentally alluded to, for the purpose of keeping their hands in, in the art of anti-papal scurrility. But it has since been discovered that Victor Emanuel never pronounced the discourse attributed to him—that he had not addressed his army, on any subject whatsoever. Besides this announcement which annihilates the mare's nest, we have a note from Count Walewski, the minister of foreign affairs, stating that the Imperial Government has not the slightest intention of abandoning the foreign policy it has followed up to the present time. So this puts an end to such speculation for the future.

The *Journal of the Siege of Sebastopol*, lately published by General Niel, has given rise to various criticisms, in which th writers state that Sebastopol was in such a poor state of defence, when the allies arrived before it, that it could have been taken by a *coup de main*. This statement has nettled the brave Marshal Canrobert, and he comes out in defence of the defence of Sebastopol in a letter addressed to the Minister of War, which has been published in the *Moniteur*. The Marshal, after touching the literary gentlemen on their slight acquaintance with the art of war, positively declares that the taking of the Russian City by a bold stroke was an impossibility, and that such was the opinion of the best men of the army, who were on the spot. As a further justification for not having attempted thus to take Sepastopol, the Marshal says there is no need of pointing out to the Minister what would have been the result of *failure* in the position then held by the Allied Armies.

As it may be supposed that the laws under which the Count de Montalembert has been sentenced to fine and imprisonment are those of the Empire, I hasten to correct such an error. Those laws are the product of the parliamentary system which the Count lauds so heartily. The first is a decree dated the 11th of August, 1848, and reads as follows:

"Any attack, by any of the means stated in the 1st article of the law of the 17th May, 1819, on the rights and authority of the *National Assembly*, on the rights and authority that the members of the executive power hold according to the decree of the Assembly, on *republican institutions* and the Constitution, on the principle of popular sovereignty and universal suffrage, shall be punished by imprisonment for a term of from three months to five years and a fine of from 300f. to 6,000f.

"Art. 2d. Whoever shall, by any of the means specified in the 1st article of the law of the 17th May, 1819, bring the *government of the Republic* into hatred or contempt, shall be punished by imprisonment from one month to four years and a fine of 150f. to 5,000f."

The following is the first article of the law of the 27th July, 1849:

"The 1st and 2d articles of the decree of the 11th of August, 1848, are applicable to attacks on the rights and authority which *the President of the Republic has, according to the Constitution, and to offences against his person.*

Belgium is about to give us another proof of the respect of "representative" governments for freedom of the Press. The "Liberal" mob-ministry, who cried out so lustily that the law on Charitable Bequests was bringing them back to the Middle Ages, have taken rather a strange way of showing their "liberality." The Chamber of Representatives is engaged in revising the penal code. A clause has passed declaring that in the case of writers guilty of attacking the laws or the constitutional authority of the King, a magistrate shall have the power of placing them under the surveillance of the police for not less than five nor more than ten years, and of depriving them of their political and civil rights. This offence was already punishable according to a recent law by imprisonment from three months to five years, the maximum being previously three years, and without the loss of civil and political rights. This surveillance would oblige a writer to remain within the boundaries of a certain commune during five or ten years under penalty of imprisonment. This is wonderful progress. The fact is that the Ministry having called in the revolutionary mob and their mouth-piece to influence the deliberations of the Chamber by intimidation, last session, is now obliged to defend itself against its own allies. The Catholic press and the representatives of the Right, continue their policy of silent indifference to the acts of the Chamber. The so-called "liberal" Press has not a word to say. They have not the honesty to condemn their party, through fear of giving a triumph to the Right. I should much like to see an article from M. de Montalembert on the freedom of the Press in monarchical Belgium.

I am indebted to my *confreres* of the *Univers* for the list of martyred and suffering missioners in Cochin-China from 1833 to 1858 inclusive. 1833: M. Gagelin (French), a member of the Congregation of Foreign Missions, was strangled. 1834: Father Odorico (Spanish Dominican), condemned to exile and died in prison. 1835: M. Marchand (French), member of the C. F. M., tortured with red-hot irons and dismembered alive. 1837: M. Cornay (French), member C.F.M., beheaded. 1838: Mgr. Ignatius Delgado (Spanish Dominican), Bishop of Mellipotamia and Apostolic Vicar of Eastern Tonquin, died in prison. Two other Spanish Dominicans, Mgr. Henarez and Father Fernandez, beheaded. Three young French missionaries, from the Seminary of the Foreign Missions, also beheaded. M. Jaccard was strangled after being in prison five years. Mgr. Borie, Bishop of Acanthus and Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Tonquin, beheaded. 1839: M. Delamotte, put to the torture and died in prison from the effects of it. 1841: Fathers Gatz and Berneux imprisoned and tortured. 1842: M. Chamier put to the torture of the rattan and imprisoned. Fathers Miche and Duclos arrested and inhumanly treated. Five missionaries were condemned to death but saved by the timely intervention of Captain L'Eveque, of the French corvette *Heroine*. These atrocities were committed during the reign of Min-Mang, and his successor, Thien-Tri, did not cause the execution of any missionaries though he persecuted and imprisoned them, but the present Emperor, Tu-Duc, growing bolder in his hatred of Christians, caused the execution of four missionaries: M. Schaeffler, on 1st May, 1851; M. Bonnard, 1st May, 1853; Mgr. Diaz, in 1857, and Mgr. Melchior, in the present year. The list shews four of the number to be Spaniards, the rest French and members of the Congregation of Foreign Missions.

An Imperial decree, dated 15th ult., states that the pontifical brief given at Rome on the 4th January, 1856, conferring on M. Louis Gaston de Segur the title of proto-notary apostolic *ad instar participantium*, and attributing to him the insignia and privileges of honor due to bishops, has been received and will be published through the Empire in the usual form. Another decree of the same date announces the reception and orders the publication of the Bull given at Rome the 8th of the Kalends of October, 1858, and appointing the Archbishop of Nice, Nuncio of his Holiness, to confer the canonical institution on his Eminence Cardinal Morlot, Grand Almoner, in his quality of Primicerius of the Imperial Chapter of St. Denis, and of seven other Bulls empowering the Nuncio to confer canonical institution on M. de Buillard, formerly bishop of Grenoble; M. de la Trehonnais, formerly bishop of Contances; M. Lacarriere, the former bishop of Basse-Terre (Guadeloupe); M. Sibour, bishop *in partibus* of Tripoli; M. d'Agolette, formerly archbishop of Auch; M. de Buillard, former archbishop of Rouen, and M. de Segur, formerly auditor de Rota, canons of the Imperial Chapter of St. Denis.

M. Ardant, General of Engineers, was accidentally killed while assisting at target practice the other day.

MONTALEMBERT'S LETTER TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

The *Moniteur*, of December 3, contains the following:

"M. de Montalembert lodged an appeal after having become cognizant of the decision of the Emperor relieving him from penalties involved in the sentence passed upon him. The competent tribunals will give due consideration to the questions to which this appeal may give rise.

"On the 2d, M. de Montalembert, accompanied by Messrs. Berryer and Dufaure, presented himself at the registrar's office to lodge an appeal against the sentence pronounced upon him. It is considered doubtful whether the Emperor's pardon has the effect of removing from Montalembert the liability to be transported at any time at the pleasure of the executive, under the law of public safety."

What value is set by M. de Montalembert on the "act of grace" may be seen from the following letter received by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris:

"PARIS, November 29, 1858.

"Monseigneur: The number of the *Independance Belge* received this day in Paris announces that your Eminence, 'after having already taken various steps in my favor, intended to intercede with the Empress in order to obtain a remission of the penalty which has been pronounced against me.'

"I am aware that entire credit should not be attached to assertions of this nature, but the immense publicity of the journal that contains them, and the emotion produced among my friends, impose on me the duty of pointing out this language to your Eminence, and of protesting, if need be, against the intentions it supposes.

"Proud and honored by a condemnation which proves my fidelity to the political principles of my whole life, and which comes so opportunely to justify, in the eyes of Europe and of posterity, all that I have said or thought on the actual condition of France, I have at this moment no other desire than to leave to my judges the responsibility of their acts, and I could only regard in the light of a real wrong (*injure*) the slightest favor emanating from the imperial government.

"In the midst of the changes of which I have been the witness, and of the trials of which I have been the victim, my honor has remained intact. It is to preserve it from all attempt, even in appearance, that I take the liberty of expressing to your Eminence a disquietude perhaps superfluous, but perfectly legitimate. I have the honor to be, Monseigneur, your Eminence's very humble and obedient servant,

"CH. DE MONTALEMBERT."

The Cardinal Archbishop replied to the foregoing in a letter dated 30th November, to the effect that he never had the intention attributed to him by the *Independance Belge*.

THE LAWS OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers from the office where they are directed, they are held responsible until they have ordered them discontinued and settle for the amount.

3. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

4. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing or leaving it uncalled for while in arrears to the publisher, is evidence of intentional fraud.

PRETTY GOOD.—A small keg of brass filings, worth perhaps two dollars, was sold recently to parties in Newark, N. J., as gold dust, for five hundred dollars, the parties selling representing themselves as in pressing need of money and willing to sell at a great sacrifice. When the "dust" was taken to New York, the old adage was found true, that all is not gold that glitters. One of the swindlers was arrested but indignantly repudiated any intention of swindling.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

It is gratifying to report that the demand for linen yarns preserves the increased briskness induced by the late reductions of 1 1-2d. per bundle. For home consumption the request has been moderate, and stocks have been diminished in the hands of spinners, who are disposed to make no further concessions. Much firmness is shown in tow yarns, for which the demand is more active than it was recently. The reports from the country markets, with respect to brown linens, are scarcely, on the whole, satisfactory. The tone of the markets for white linens is good, although the inquiry is dull. Bleachers, as usual at this season, are making preparations for the spring trade. Although the last advices from the United States are encouraging, our export houses are not increasing their consignments to New York. A very extensive firm in town have on hands unusually large export orders for linen shirts—the greater part of the work of which will be executed by patent sewing machines. The Board of Trade returns give the export of linens and linen yarns for October, 1857 and 1858, as follows: Linen. 1857, £340,983; 1858, £317 505. Yarns 1857, £146,582; 1858, £173,428.—*Banner of Ulster.*

Armagh.

The building of the Chapel of Mahera, in the parish of Lurgan and diocese of Kilmore, is progressing rapidly; and, so far as one can judge from it at present, it promises to come forth as splendid a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture as he could desire. Nothing could be better than its situation on the high road between Kells and Virginia, overlooking the blue waters of Lough Ramor, and sheltered by the wooded peaks of Monterconnaught, nor does the execution seem likely to shame the sight; as has been said it promises well. But, indeed, we never knew Father John O'Reilly to do anything which he did not do well.

Carlow.

A daring attempt was made to rob the Presentation Convent in this town. It appears that one of the Sisters, whose dormitary was directly opposite the children's school-room, was awoke by a violent ringing of a bell attached to the door of the school room, which continued for some time, and the lady fearing lest robbers might have forced admission into the house, immediately rose, and proceeded to an adjoining room, where the Reverend Superioress slept, and informed her of her apprehensions, who also dressed and proceeded, with some others of the Sisters, who had by this time been awoken, to the reception-room; from a window in which may be seen the children's school-room. When they arrived here, the bell again rang, as if some persons had just closed the door. This circumstance left no doubt as to the fact that robbers were in the house, and the Reverend Superioress then had the alarm bell rung, and in a short time a number of persons living in the vicinity were attracted to the Convent—but ere they had arrived, the sacrilegious burglars had decamped, but however, we are happy to add, without any plunder. No clue has as yet been received as to the parties who attempted to perpetrate this sacrilegious deed. One of the burglars dropped a cap in the garden, but in the hurry to escape neglected picking it up, and it was found on the ground the following morning.

The Earl of Bessborough and his Countess entertained about one hundred and sixty of the humbler classes resident on his estate at Bessborough, at the usual Annual Ball, given during many years at his noble mansion. The hall in which the entertainment was given was appropriately fitted up on the occasion by Mr. Pope, the house steward. Shortly after nine o'clock the guests assembled, and were received by the Countess with courtesy and kindness. The tables were covered with substantial fare, and a large collection of pastries and confectionary. The repast having concluded, the company adjourned to a spacious hall to enjoy the festivities of the evening. Refreshments were abundantly supplied during the evening; and at an early hour the company retired, grateful for the kindness and the marked attention bestowed on them by their benefactors, to whom the poor of the locality are indebted for many of the comforts they enjoy at the approaching season. His Lordship is a model landlord in this county, and is cordially beloved by his tenantry, as he omits no opportunity to promote their interests, and the general welfare of the laboring classes on his estates.

This industrious class of operatives, the nailors, appear to have lately suffered by the introduction of nails manufactured by machinery. We are not acquainted with the difference in price between those manufactured by hand, and the same description by machinery; but we would consider it a hardship to throw those poor people out of employment, without any available resource but the workhouse. If in the Royal Engineer's department, directions have been to discontinue the purchase of any nails but those given manufactured by hand, we trust the same rule will be observed in this county; for, as we have already observed, it would be a sad case to deprive a number of industrious families of the actual means of earning an honest livelihood—who have been ever remarkable in Carlow for their peaceable and industrious habits.—*Sentinel.*

In the county Carlow the Ballyellen property, nearly one thousand acres, including Ballyellen House, was purchased by Arthur Kavanagh, Esq. This is a well circumstanced property, and the tenantry who are, we learn, both solvent and industrious, have leases of about twenty years to run—their leases being renewed by Lord Kenmare, previous to the sale of that and other estates. "It may be observed that Mr. Kavanagh may now," says a correspondent, "ride from Goresbridge to within a short distance of Ross on his extensive territory." The townland of Rossena, Queen's County, adjoining Cooper Hill, was purchased by Wm. C. Cooper, Esq.

Dublin.

We are glad to have to announce that the site of the statue proposed to be erected to that eminent Irishman, Goldsmith, and to which the Earl of Carlisle has contributed the donation of £100, has been almost decided on by the committee, with the sanction of the College authorities. It is to be placed inside the College rails, fronting College green, thus giving the public at large the full enjoyment of its prospect, and in a position no way interfering with the proposed city improvements in that quarter. In connection with this plan, we understand that the present entrance by the railings is to be closed in front of the statue and two separate entrances — one leading from Westmoreland street and the other from Grafton street — to be opened into the College. We trust that there will be no further holding back of subscriptions towards an object which, while commemorating the memory of this distinguished Irish genius, will add to the ornaments of our native city.

Few of our readers are aware of the growing importance of Balbriggan, which, from an obscure villlage, has become a flourishing town. It is situate about fifteen miles from Dublin, and bids fair to equal Nottingham in size, already excelling that place for its manufacture of hosiery. Some little time since we visited one of the principal establishments there, and were delighted with the fineness, elasticity, and durability of the stockings; also, the stouter make of hosiery for the winter season, which surpasses most descriptions produced in England.—*Morning Herald.*

Galway.

A most disastrous fire occurred at Carokeel, the residence of James J. Kealy, Esq. The house was a thatched one, and the flames, having once taken hold, spread with amazing rapidity, and, melancholy to relate, the entire building was almost entirely consumed, together with the furniture and a quantity of hay and corn that was stored in the adjoining haggard. Every available effort was made to arrest the progress of the devouring element, but without success. The inmates of the house had a most fortunate escape, as they had scarcely got clear of the house when the roof fell in. There are strong rumors afloat that the fire originated in the malice of some incendiary, who must have accomplished his diabolical act by igniting the thatch at the corner next the road, from which direction the wind blew rath restrongly on that night.

The increase in the revenues of the Custom-house here for the last three months is £500 over the receipts of the corresponding three months last year. The increase for this year over last year is estimated at £5,000. So much for the traffic created by the Lever line of steamers. What will the increase be next year, when a steamer will leave our port every week.—*Express.*

At a late meeting of the Portumna board of guardians it was proposed to close up the Workhouse, and discharge the Establishment Staff with the exception of the Clerk, allowing the paupers, who number about thirty, to be farmed by some other union.

Kilkenny.

The following has been received from the Pope by the Rev. Mr. Scully, President of Knocktopher College: Beloved Son, We pray you health, and We impart to you the Apostolic Benediction. Your letter to Us, dated the 30th day of last July, has afforded Us no moderate amount of consolation, for it announces that that college which, under the auspices and patronage of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God, six years ago opened its doors, has so flourished by the number of youths who have been educated under the very best order and discipline, and by their singular progress, that it deserves the highest commendation. The youth of England, therefore, ought to be admitted into it, where they, by mutual zeal for learning and discipline, together with the Irish youth, are celebrated with praise. Beloved Son, We have also learned with how much zeal you labour, that the youth committed to your care, and in particutar the youth of Ireland, may acquire the virtues necessary for the Catholic priesthood, and by which the most blessed Patrick, patron of Ireland, so brilliantly shone forth. May God in His mercy so effect His own designs that the fruits of your cares may be the more abundant, and in particular that He may avert in His clemency every cause of contention, so that you may be all of the one heart and the one soul, and that you may have daily more and more students excelling in sanctity of moral and sound doctrine. We, in the meantime, again assure you of the special affection of our paternal mind, and, beloved son, We most lovingly impart to you, and to all the students of that college, the aid of all heavenly gifts, namely, the Apostolic Benediction. Given at Rome, from the Church of St. Peter, on the 17th day of November, in the year of 1858, in the thirteenth year of our Pontificate. Pius PP. IX. To our beloved son, the Abbe M. Scally, President of the College of the Immaculate Conception, and Prior of the Carmelite Convent, of Knocktopher, Ireland.

A most daring attempt was made by some miscreants to enter the Chapel of Graigue, for the purpose of extracting therefrom whatever was most portable or valuable. The intention of the plunderers, however, was frustrated, as their movements were timely interrupted by one of the inhabitants of Graigue, who lives in the immediate vicinity of the sacred edifice. It appears that about the hour of one or two o'clock, as Mr. Foley was in his bakery (which adjoins the chapel-yard), along with his men, he heard the footsteps of a man in the chapel-yard, and immediately after perceived the person's shadow reflected on the window in the moonlight. Forthwith Mr. Foley gave the alarm to his two bakers that some persons were in the act of robbing the chapel; they ran out and went into the yard, but the robber was too wary to be so easily entrapped. With the noise and uproar consequent upon the suddenness of the appearance of Mr. Foley and his men he effected his escape over a low sized wall, at the rere of the Chapel. The greatest praise is due to Mr. Foley, for his vigilance and quickness, which certainly saved the house of God from being desecrated by the polluted hand of sacrilege and robbery.

The Coroner attended at Breanomore, a wild locality situated at Killkenny side of Slievenamon, and held an inquest upon the body of Ellen Shea, aged 65 years. The poor woman lived with her sister-in-law alone in an isolated cabin. The latter left the place to go to work at a farmer's house about two miles distant, where she slept that night. Upon her return home the following evening she found the door of the cabin open, and the deceased sitting on a stool, her head reclining on the bed; one shoe and stocking were on, and the poor creature held in her hand the other stocking, and must have been in the act of putting it on when she died. Dr. Keating, of Callan, gave it as his opinion that the deceased died from the rupture of a blood vessel. The jury found that she "died from the visitation of God and not from any hurt or violence received."

A smithey connected with Bagenalstown and Wexford Railway, in Goresbridge, was consumed by fire. Providentially the day was exceedingly calm, or considerable damage might have resulted to a number of thatched houses; and also to the corn store of the Messrs. Alexander, which stood in close proximity to it. Property to the amount of £20, belonging to the railway company, was consumed.

Louth.

Mr. Robert Woods, of Stephenstown, communicates a very interesting fact, of which, we dare say, a number of our readers have hitherto been ignorant. "Do you know," he writes, "that there lie in Dundalk churchyard, in a neglected nook, with no stone to mark the spot, the remains of Agnes Burns, the eldest sister of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, of world-wide celebrity? I knew Agnes Burns well. She lived in our neighborhood for about twenty-five years. She was married to William Gault, land-steward to the late Matthew Fortescue, Esq. When living, she was one of the celebrities of our county, and many gentlemen of Louth came to her lowly cabin to see the sister of Robert Burns, and it was no ordinary treat to hear her read and repeat her brother's poems. Many a time and oft I have wished that some plain stone with a suitable inscription might be placed over her grave, to show a stranger that the dust of Burns' sister reposes amongst us, and to mark how highly we appreciate the poems and songs of Scotland's immortal bard. Burns sprang from the people; he was a peasant's son."—*Newry Herald.*

The keen frosts we have had over night during the present week, preceded by the gale at its commencement, admonish that winter is now fairly with us. Turnips and mangold are being raised and stored in fine order; and soils for wheat, under favor of dry weather and gentle frosts, have been easily got into condition for seed. Notwithstanding all complaints of the present low price of the article, a considerable breadth of wheat has already been sown, and that under highly auspicious circumstances.—*Ibid.*

Waterford.

On Sunday, 27th November, the very interesting ceremony of blessing the new bell of Ballybricken Chapel, presented by the respected pastor, the Rev. M. Flynn, was performed by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien. The ceremony took place in the very handsome parish chapel of Ballybricken. The bell was placed on a stand before the altar, and his Lordship, attired in his episcopal robes and followed by a large number of the clergy, issued from the vestry chanting the psalm *Miserere.* The ceremony was then gone through according to the prescribed ritual, and at its conclusion his Lordship thrice striking the bell prononnced it blessed. A very large congregation was present, edified spectators of the interesting and solemn rite.

A lady resident in this city was out shopping, and whilst making some purchases in a grocery establishment, she found, on having recourse to her pocket for her purse, that the pocket had been cut from her dress, taken away, and with it, of course, her purse, containing a £5 note and some silver. The lady told her mishap to the police, but not being able to say where she lost it or give any other clue by which a search could be instituted, they were unable to render any aid in the matter, and so the sharpers escaped with their booty.

The districts of Tallow and Lismore have been combined under the recent petty sessions act. The election of a clerk will take place on the 30th December next.

On Sunday, 21st ult., the Rev. Mr. Mullally, of All Hallows College, preached at last Mass in the parish chapel, Dungarvan, in aid of the funds of that institution, and announced his intention of holding a collection in both chapels on the 27th, when he preached again at last Mass, after the collection, and in the evening spoke at considerable length at the Young Men's Society room, the members of which subscribed £5 10s., exclusive of the subscriptions of many members who paid at the chapel gate.

Mr. Redmond, T.C., delivered a lecture on "India and the Indians" in the hall of the Young Men's Society, John street. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Kelly, the vice president. At the conclusion of the lecture a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Redmond, on motion of Mr. John Phelan, seconded by Mr. Manning, T.C.

Four recruiting companies are in Dungarvan at present, Waterford Artillery, East India company, and two parties from the line.

The intended amalgamation between the Waterford and Limerick and Great Southern and Western Railway companies has been broken off. The Waterford and Limerick Company would not accept the offer of the Great Southern, which was two and a half per cent, at the beginning of the third year—that is, they were anxious to have the Limerick line *two years for nothing.*

The large supply of fowl of all kinds to market, noticed recently, still continues, and large consignments are sent by the Milford boats to the London markets. The prices (wholesale) are as follows: Chickens 11d. and 1s. each; ducks do; geese 2s. 6d. to 4s. each; and turkeys 3s. to 5s. In the egg market the price is steady at 7s. 6d. a hundred.—*News.*

The Waterford art exhibition continues highly attractive in its varied details; and notwithstanding the almost continued severity of the weather, the exhibition rooms are well filled with visitors, who spend some time in viewing with much profit and pleasure the many beautiful specimens of art presented for their inspection.

The house of a woman on Thomas's Hill was broken into while the family were at church, and plundered of two top coats, bacon and groceries, with which they got off, and have not since been heard of.

EARTHQUAKE IN FRANCE.

A letter from Bayonne of the 30th November gives the following account of an earthquake experienced there and in the neighboring districts:

"About 12 1-2 o'clock yesterday afternoon some violent shocks of an earthquake were felt at Bayonne, and lasted from eight to ten seconds. The oscillations proceeded from the south-west to the north-east. The phenomenon was accompanied by a dead sound, similar to that of a wagon passing over a paved road. The weather, which had been rainy for some days previously, was hot, and the atmosphere heavy at the moment. A violent storm broke over the town at 31-2 o'clock, but did not last long. The information received from various quarters respecting the effects produced by the phenomenon, some of them rather serious and some extraordinary, is too voluminous for publication. The motion was less violent at Bayonne than at St. Esprit, where the population were greatly alarmed, and where the church bells began to ring during the shock. At Bayonne the kitchen utensils were tossed about, and it is said some chimneys were seriously damaged. One of the ceilings of the Academy gave way, and cracks are visible in the walls of that ancient building. At the time the earthquake was felt the animals in the town exhibited symptoms of profound terror. The oxen lowed, and the pavement in several streets was displaced. On the rampart of Lachepaillet the earth was twice raised up and fell again with a violent noise; the neighboring houses, however, were not injured. Notwithstanding the public buildings in the town were shaken with violence, no loss of life is to be deplored. The earthquake was extremely violent both at Biarritz and at Anglet, particularly in the low grounds; doors were shut with a loud noise, persons were thrown down, and numbers fled from their houses, fearing to be buried under the ruins. A herdsman, seeing his oxen lifted up several times, sought safety in flight. Some laborers, who were dining under a tree, felt the ground under them rise three times, and were dashed against each other as if by a violent wind. At that moment the weather was suffocating, and the heat was insupportable. The accounts received at Bayonne from St. Palais and St. Jean Pied-de-Port state that the shock experienced there lasted from eight to ten seconds. At 12 3-4 a violent shock, accompanied by a noise resembling the sound of distant thunder, caused an universal panic among the population of St. Jean Pied-de-Port assembled in the market-place. The violence of the commotion was so great that one chimney was thrown down, as well as the tiles from the roofs of the houses. The most solid buildings cracked as if about to fall, and the furniture in the interior of the houses was tossed about. During the oscillations a noise was heard similar to that of a heavy ball falling down six steps of a staircase step by step. The pedestrians, who were numerous in consequence of the fineness of the weather, imagined that the ground was about to open under their feet. For some weeks past earthquakes have been frequent at Pau, St. Jean Pied-de-Port, and Madrid. Bayonne has not been visited by a similar phenomenon for the last eight or ten years."

LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

St. Jarleth's, Tuam, November, 1858.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Derby.

My Lord :—Some recent events of an extraordinary character sufficiently show that it cannot be deemed premature or unreasonable, at this advanced term of the recess, to turn your lordship's attention to the neglected claims of Catholic Ireland. In the eventful history of British Cabinets, especially of more recent date, and in the sketches of the causes that are supposed to have contributed to their formation or disruption, there is not a chapter more instructive to statesmen, or more hopeful to the people, than that which delineates the sudden break up of the last, and the equally unexpected introduction of the present ministry. The general satisfaction with which a party long and deservedly in popular disfavor was welcomed to power—the quiet toleration with which it has been suffered to assume shape, and strength, and consistence, nay, the public solicitude with which it has been surrounded, lest any untoward event should hasten its dissolution, are subjects fraught with the most serious and general admonition. They show that the seeming confidence placed in the present administration was merely negative, originating far less in any merits of its own, than in the flagrant and notorious demerits of its predecessors. And it is well that what selfish and calculating politicians were wont to ascribe to mere artificial agencies, can now be traced to the more certain and powerful influence of those sacred principles which are at work in every stage of society, the most tranquil as well as the most excited, and which it will fail all the dexterity or violence of politicians to eradicate or extinguish. Too much reliance on mere physical or numerical strength has not been more frequently the error of popular adventurers than of ministers of the crown, and in several instances it has not been less fatal to the one than to the other. Of the effects of such overweening confidence in material force, to the utter disregard of the rightful means calculated to insure its stability, the country has had lately a most significant illustration. On surveying the goodly host whom a minister considered as ready instruments of his will, he thought, no doubt, he might dispense with the most ordinary maxims in the selection of his colleagues, and treat as topics of levity and merriment those grave subjects which so long occupied the attention and deliberation of large and influential bodies, and with which their dearest interests as men and Christians were connected. Scarcely did he essay this strange stroke of policy when it recoiled upon himself; the effect was too sudden and too silent to give a timely alarm, and a few brief months witnessed the total break-up of an administration which the complacency of its artificers as well as the despondence of its political opponents believed would continue at least to the close of a parliament destined to attain the longest term of existence which any parliament can enjoy.

Not to refer to any remoter examples, this striking instance of the delusiveness of political hopes and the instability of political supports is not lost on you. Your lordship is aware that Sir Robert Peel frankly confessed, what preceding statesmen felt, but had not the candor or the courage to own, that Ireland was his difficulty. This candid acknowledgment of where his chief difficulty lay afforded a pledge of a sincere disposition to remove it—a pledge which, no doubt, he would have labored to redeem, had not his demise, but little expected, arrested his beneficent career. What the difficulty was in the time of Sir Robert Peel, it still remains, unremoved, nay, unmitigated. It is not a simple evil—it is a complication of several; and though they may have been occasionally disguised, or less generally discussed, on account of the more awful evils which so recently swept over the land, it is not the less true that those evils of Ireland, which one of the wisest of English statesmen acknowledged, still exist, and continue to exert their malignant influence. Your lordship well remembers the animated debates in the House of Commons to which the strange anomaly of supporting Protestant churches at an enormous expense, in whole parishes where there was not a single Protestant, gave rise. Among those who combated this unexampled oppression, none were more eloquent in the denunciation of its injustice than some of the English and Scottish members, who were swayed by no prejudices in favor of the Catholics of Ireland. If this state of things was then a crying evil, it remains so still, demanding the serious attention of every minister who, instead of delusive palliatives, is anxious to establish justice and peace in the country.

Akin to the question of the Protestant Establishment, and the necessity of contracting it to the measure of its usefulness, which is but small, comes the question of Catholic education, and the necessity of expanding its free action to the ample dimensions of the Church, which is emphatically the Church of the people. Were it not for the misguided policy that has been for centuries sacrificing every public and paramount interest to the maintenance of the establishment, rather as a political garrison than an efficient expounder of any religious creed, the question of education, now an alarming one, would never have been a serious difficulty. For the sake of this unprofitable offshoot of the English church, which still remains barren, notwithstanding its being so long saturated with the fat of the land, our ancient, truly national schools and colleges were forced to give way. To enable a half educated foreign ecclesiastic to diffuse a little smattering of bad English from his miserable grammar school—if he taught even a grammar school—whole generations throughout the entire of Ireland were consigned to literary ignorance of every kind, even of their own language; and whilst the continental nations are our pioneers in smoothing the avenues of science, and breaking down those obstructions that crossed the path of the young aspirants after knowledge, England and its Ministries, true to their recent traditions, cling to the obsolete bigotry of past times, and refuse us education, if not imbued with Protestant principles, and administered, as far as practicable, through Protestant hands. This is one of the great evils we have to complain of, and which it will become your business first to mitigate, and finally to sweep away. Not only are the Queen's Colleges a manifest and notorious failure, notwithstanding all the dexterous expedients resorted to for their support, and the dishonest fallacies by which it is sought to delude the public into a belief of their prosperous condition, but that system of education miscalled national, in originating which you had so conspicuous a share, and which was never more than tolerated as an experiment, has been so completely warped and twisted from the harmless thing which it appeared to several well-meaning supporters, that it has recently excited, by its most offensive administration, a deep aversion, and spread throughout whole districts, once not unfavorable to its schools, a just and general alarm. Rely on it, it will no longer do, nor is it in the nature of things that a nation so devoted to its ancient faith, and so attached to its native institutions and traditions, would be any longer content with the husks of a literature out of which the solid kernel has been so laboriously scooped, and which, however imposing through all its artistic and expensive decorations, was never fitted to satisfy a rational thirst of useful knowledge.

But the last of those evils, and that which is felt the most acutely, as being the most productive of great physical suffering, is the insecurity of the tenant class of Ireland generally, connected with the penalty, rather than the privilege, of voting at elections. The injustice to the tenants and the consequent injury to the country, resulting from the precarious tenure of the hardy tillers of the soil, have been again and again acknowledged in and out of Parliament; and yet the injustice and the injury remain still to be redressed. And, as if to aggravate all the hardships of his condition, the poor tenant is generally invested with the equivocal privilege of the franchise, which, if he exercises in obedience to his landlord's desire, he becomes the instrument of fastening more strongly his own penal fetters; whereas, if he exercises it according to his conscience he is sure to provoke the landlord's vengeance and bring ruin on his family. Whatever be the nature of the Reform Bill which you are preparing, this sad condition of the Irish tenantry, and the sadder mockery of the franchise by which it is embittered, cannot be overlooked. Too long have those honest and intrepid men, worthy of far different treatment, been made the victims of the successive political factions that traded on their devoted patriotism. Emancipation would have continued the tedious problem it long had been, had not the forty-shilling freeholders risen in their constitutional might and swept away the barriers which bigotry had so long opposed to right, and which proved too feeble for their exertions. Yet the reward of such noble heroism was, to be immolated as a peace offering to that ruthless bigotry which they had so courageously conquered. Their successors have not fared much better. Their services have been prodigally put in requisition without ever being duly requited. They have been called to take a share in every political struggle, but in any provision for their safety they have been most cruelly unheeded. To enlarge the franchise of these men under present circumstances would be but an enlargement of their misery. To extend the right to vote, without protecting that right against the consequences now incurred by its exercise, would be but the extension of an area on which too much of cruelty and oppression have already been displayed. For this the only effectual remedy is the ballot, without which any measure of parliamentary reform will not, I am convinced, be productive of advantage to the people of Ireland. A franchise, of which the exercise usually conducts to banishment from one's home, and often from one's country, is an ambiguous boon which, in the case of a helpless tenant, might well be compared to slavery. Fence it round with the ballot, and then, and only then, can it, in the case of a poor tenant-at-will, deserve the name of a privilege.

These are the vital questions that affect the dearest social and religious interests of our Catholic people, and that are beyond all others deserving the serious and prompt attention of those to whom the public interests are confided.

Our history, since the enactment of the Emancipation Bill, affords a sufficient caution to guard against the mischievous policy of those mere office-seeking Catholics. That the Established Church is the prolific spring from which the bitter waters of religious annoyance are conveyed in such a variety of channels throughout the land, is an unquestionable position. That the whole fabric is a huge injustice without a parallel is also admitted; and yet, although those truths are not to be controverted, some of our good Catholic gentry bear with the most courteous equanimity all the burden that has been cast upon their shoulders, and all the contumely that is still flung upon their faith, and feel no concern for the assaults made on the faith of poor, helpless Catholic children, compared to the terrible undutifulness of not reverencing penal enactments, no matter how contrary to justice or subversive of religious liberty.

It is to the feelings of Catholics of a similar mold and temperament we are indebted for the magnitude which the evil of the education question has now assumed. Catholics were associated to the Education Board, and then it was confidently put forth that the entire system was secure from danger. Modifications of an important nature were required in that system by his Holiness, in order to secure the safety of the Catholic religion. The Queen's Colleges have been solemnly condemned by the same authority as fraught with intrinsic danger, and yet the modifications so recommended are set at nought by those Catholics, and there are not more severe censurers of the censure passed on the Queen's Colleges by his Holiness than several of that body, who are lavish in their praise of those interdicted institutions. Nay, more, they affect great surprise at any practical effort on the part of ecclesiastics to withdraw the youth from those dangerous seminaries, pronouncing it a strange interference with their right of treating these children as they please.

Such men are not an unapt type of those who were so anxious to grant the veto; and if it depended upon them, I have very little doubt but they would prefer the future members of our hierarchy to be judged and recommended by the functionaries of the Viceregal Court than by the ecclesiastics, who had the best opportunity of being acquainted with the integrity of their lives or the zeal of their ministry. It was too implicit a reliance on such officious Catholics obtruding their councils on affairs which did not belong to them, in order to gain their selfish ends, that formed the peculiar difficulty which was felt by Sir Robert Peel and other statesmen. Were you to rely on such sinister councils you would be only aggravating the difficulty. So far from any few individuals being commissioned, directly or implicitly, to exercise a monopoly of council or advice regarding the interests of the Catholic body, there never was a period since that of the veto in which such interference would be looked on with more suspicion or repudiated with more indignation. The passive demeanor of the Catholic body far from being the result of indifference, is, on the contrary, the consequence of the conviction they feel of the injustice with which they have been treated by the several political parties that have succeeded each other since their qualified emancipation. They deem it high time to keep themselves aloof from the seductions of all, nor to allow a few persons in the vicinity of the Viceregal Court, or elsewhere, to assume a representative character with which they are not invested, and continue to trade, for their own selfish purposes, on the social interest of the people of the remote provinces, as well as on the safe education of their children and the freedom of their clergy.

On the questions of a reconstruction of the representation, the relative claims of some constituencies to an increase of members, and the qualifications necessary for town or rural voters, I have purposely forborne to enter, confining myself to what I have a better right to understand, and to urge the necessity of protecting the lives, the freedom, and the religion of the poor Catholics from all the evils they are enduring from irresponsible landlord power and an anti-Catholic establishment. The other questions, which might be called the statistical mechanism of reform, I leave entirely to those able men who are practiced in such interesting details, at the same time that were I to discuss those questions, it would not be difficult to show that, with the exception, perhaps, of Tipperary and Cork, there are no other English shires, or Irish counties, so unfairly curtailed in their representation as Mayo and Galway, over a large portion of which this diocese extends. Still having seen the general dishonesty with which Irish members have discharged their duties, especially since the bretayal of their trust in '52, I attach little importance to the extension or abridgment of the number of our representatives compared to their qualities—well aware that fifty men of the talents, the integrity, the industry, and the devotedness of Bright, not to speak of his eloquence, which would be valueless without the other sterlihg ingredients, would achieve more benefit for Ireland' and through Ireland for the empire at large, in one session of parliament than would two hundred members, were they to prove such traitors as several of our late representatives during the longest parliamentary career.

In the assumption of office it was natural your lordship should be disposed to requite the most conspicuous of those adherents who so long clung to your fortunes under their most discouraging phases. It is to be hoped that your aim was of a loftier and a nobler kind—that of engraving your name on your country's history through a just, impartial, and beneficent legislation. If that be your aim, and if such it be revealed at the opening of the ensuing parliament, no doubt you will receive support beyond your most sanguine expectations. But should your reform be only a delusive mockery, the hopes which it inspires, should it encourage candidates to rely more on the length of their purses than on their intellectual or moral qualifications, and consign the voter to continued penalties for the conscientious exercise of his slavish freedom—should our fields be "stinted by half a tillage, because our men decay as wealth accumulates"—should the poison of religious bigotry be yet infused, as heretofore, into the education which is presented to our Catholic youth at such an enormous expense to the country, and should the mists of that bigotry ascend and envelope the high places, darkening those visions that ought to range above its grosser atmosphere, the continuance of such evils will not fail to bring their own retribution, and your ministry will be soon numbered among the many recent ones that have fallen, because they were wanting in the duties of humanity and justice. I have the honour to be, your lordship's very obedient servant,

✠ John, Archbishop of Tuam.

GOVERNORS OF THE STATES AND TERRITORIES FOR 1859.

States.	*Governors.*	*Politics.*
Alabama	Andrew B. Moore	Democrat.
Arkansas	Elias N. Conway	Democrat.
California	John B. Weller	Democrat.
Connecticut	W. A. Buckingham	Republican.
Delaware	William Burton	Democrat.
Florida	M. S. Perry	Democrat.
Georgia	Joseph A. Brown	Democrat.
Illinois	William H Bissell	Republican.
Indiana	A. P. Willard	Republican.
Iowa	R. P. Lowe	Republican.
Kentucky	Chas. S. Morehead	Know-Nothing.
Louisiana	R. C. Wickliffe	Democrat.
Maine	Lot M. Morrill	Republican.
Maryland	Thomas H. Hicks	Know Nothing.
Massachusetts	Nathaniel P. Banks	Republican.
Michigan	Moses Wisner	Republican.
Mississippi	William McWillie	Democrat.
Missouri	R. M. Stewart	Democrat.
Minnesota	Henry W. Sibley	Democrat.
New Hampshire	William Haile	Republican.
New Jersey	William A. Newell	Republican.
New York	Edwin D. Morgan	Republican.
North Carolina	John W. Ellis	Democrat.
Ohio	Salmon P. Chase	Republican.
Pennsylvania	William F Packer	Democrat.
Rhode Island	Elisha Dyer	Republican.
South Carolina	William H. Gist	Democrat.
Tennessee	Isham G. Harris	Democrat.
Texas	Hardin R Runnels	Democrat.
Vermont	Hiland Hall	Republican.
Virginia	Henry A. Wise	Democrat.
Wisconsin	Alex W. Randall	Republican.
Territories.		
Oregon*	William L Currie	Democrat.
New Mexico	Abraham Rencher	Democrat.
Utah	Alfred Cumming	Democrat.
Washington	Fayette McMullen	Democrat.
Nebraska	W. A Richardson	Democrat.
Kansas	Samuel Medary	Democrat.

* Oregon, by the action of the people, has formed a State government, and only awaits the recognition by Congress to become the thirty-third State in the confederacy. The following State officers have been elected: Governor, John Whiteaker; Secretary of State; Lucien Heath; Treasurer, John D. Boon; State Printer, Asahel Bush.

Ordinations in Toronto.—There were five young clergymen ordained on Saturday, 18th December, in St. Michael's Cathedral, by his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto. They were: Rev. Jas. O'Donohoe, Priest, to remain in St. Michael's Cathedral. Rev. Mr. O'Donohoe was a pupil of St. Michael's Seminary in its earlier days, before it merged into St. Basil's. Rev. Mich. Mary O'Shea, Priest, to remain in Toronto. Rev. Mr. Brayer, to go to Adjala. Rev. Mr. Laurent, Priest, to go to Oshawa. Rev. Mr. Guillon, to be sent to Collingwood or Barrie. The Rev. John P. Kennedy, Deacon. The ceremony was very edifying.—*Toronto Mirror.*

Genuine Old Irish Whiskey.—John McAuliffe, of 43 Nassau street, imports Genuine Old Irish Whiskey direct from Wise's celebrated Distillery at Cork, Ireland. A word to the wise, &c.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Ashes—Small sales of pots were made at 5½c., while pearls were nominal.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The market was without animation, and sales were moderate, being confined to about 6,000@7,000 bbls. Canadian flour continued firm, with sales of about 300 bbls, within the range of our quotations. Southern flour was steady, while sales were confined to about 500@600 bbls., within the range of our figures. Wheat—The market was steady, while the sales were confined to about 1,500 bushels white Kentucky at $1 55, and a small lot damaged Southern at $1 05. Corn was steady, with sales of about 18,000 bushels at 77c. for mixed Western, and at 75@76c. for new yellow, and new white Southern at 72@74c. Rye was unchanged: sales of 1,400 bushels new were made at 77c. Oats were firm, with sales of 5,000 bushels Southern within the range of 43@45c., while State were at 49@51c., and Western and Canadian at 54@56c.

Coffee—Sales of 1,000 bags Rio were made at p. t. A cargo of Rio was sold in Baltimore, to be closed on 1st of January, without tare, at 11½c.

Fruit—Sales of 2,100 M. R. Raisins were made at $2 02½, and 1,000 do. halves at $2 05; also 200 boxes Valencias at 7¾c.

Hay was steady, with sales at 75@80c. for good to prime qualities.

Molasses—Sales of 200 bbls. New Orleans were made at 36c., and 30 do. at 36½c.

Naval Stores were quiet, and sales confined to small lots spirits at 48¾c. Common rosin ranged from $1 50@$1 55 afloat and from yard.

Oils were quiet, and prices unchanged.

Provisions—Pork—The market was less buoyant, and the demand restricted to small sales; a few hundred barrels, including new mess, at $18 12½c., and new prime at $13 75. Beef was stiff, with sales of 400 @500 bbls., including country prime at $6@6 50; country mess at $7 62½@$9, and $8 62½@$10 37½ for repacked Western, and extra at $10 62½@$11 50. Prime mess was in fair demand, with sales of 100 tierces choice Cleveland at $19. Cut meats were quiet, but steady. Bacon was in fair demand, and sales of 25,000 light sides in salt were reported at 8c., and 20,000 do. in picale at 6¾c. Lard continued firm, with sales reported of 600@700 bbls. at 11¼@11¾c.; dressed hogs were selling at 7@8c.

Rice was quiet, and quotations nominal at 3@3¾c.

Sugar continued firm, with sales of about 150 hhds. Cuba within the range of 6¾@7c., and 179 do. New Orleans, by auction, at 6–6@7⅞c, and about 8,700 bags of Manila were sold at 7c., less 3½c. for cash.

Whiskey—The market was easier, with sales of about 300 bbls. at 24½c.

Wool—The demand continued good for this article, and a brisk demand has been done during the past week among the dealers, while we notice less doing in first hands, the better classes of wool having been sold; we have nothing to report worthy of notice. Prices are very firmly held for the stock remaining in importers' hands, which is light for the more desirable wools.

SCENES IN IRELAND.

[*From the Irish Literary Gazette.*]

JERPOINT ABBEY.

On the banks of the silvery river Nore, about two miles from Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, are situated the ruins of the Norman Abbey of Jerpoint. They occupy a space of ground nearly three acres in extent, so that the vastness of the pile, combined with the lone spot on which it stands, produce a beautifully picturesque and impressive effect. The Abbey possesses much architectural and historical interest. The prevailing style of its architecture is that of the Hiberno-Romanesque, being a mixture of the circular and pointed styles. The Church is cruciform, and the nave supported by six pointed arches resting on a similar number of massy columns. Between and above these arches are the remains of six narrow clerestory windows. The western window of the nave is formed of three arches, and the eastern or altar window is pointed, as are also the arches of the transcript. The steeple, which rises above the cross of the transcript, is supported by four square pillars, from which spring four arches. The roof of the steeple is groined with springers resting on stone corbles.

The Abbey is of very remote antiquity. It was founded in 1180 for Cistercian monks, by Donogh O'Donoghue, king of Ossory, who was interred there in 1185. His tomb is in the chancel, opposite the grand altar, in the southern cross aisle. Above the tomb are sculptured a male and female figure in the costume of the twelfth century. The right hand of the male figure rests on the breast, and grasps a broken crucifix, and the left is pointed towards a harp dependent from the left side. The base is covered with elaborately carved figures, mostly bearded, and in attitudes expressive of grief. Among the other monuments within the ruins is that of one of the abbots, represented on his tomb by a full length figure in ecclesiastical attire, while a serpent, symbol of the enemy of man, is seen gnawing the foot of the crozier. The inscription on this monument is effaced. Adjoining is the tomb of another abbot, represented by a well executed figure, holding a trefoil in the right hand. The figure reclines on a slab, covered with trefoils and roses. There are several defaced monuments within the Abbey, and within and without, the ground is thickly studded with the grave of the departed peasantry of the vicinage.

In the chancel are three plain edilia and recessed seats for the accommodation of the priests officiating at High Mass. They are ornamented with chevron mouldings, peculiar to the Hiberno-Romanesque style of architecture. In the nave is a slab representing the lower portion of two figures, clad in mail, and which is built into the face of the wall.

Jerpoint was the fourth in wealth and dignity of the mitred abbeys of Ireland. On its suppression in 1540, it possessed 6,500 acres of demense land. On that sad occasion, Oliver Grace, the last Lord Abbot, attired in full pontificals, issued from its portals at the head of his confraternity, chanting a sacred hymn; while drawn up outside, awaiting their departure, were the mail-clad troops of Thomas, the tenth Earl of Ormond, to whose possession the fine old Abbey, with the broad acres attached to it, had been transferred by a warrant from the crown.

In connection with Jerpoint, we may mention an interesting discovery which was accidentally made in October, 1849. The laborers engaged in excavating the line of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, about five hundred yards from Jerpoint Abbey, came upon nearly one hundred perfect skeletons, which lay in a double line, three feet apart, and parallel with the cutting. There was no vestige of coffins, or mortuary articles of any kind. There is a tradition among the peasantry of a great battle having been fought there. It is unquestionable that James Butler, the ninth Earl of Ormond, encamped at Jerpoint in 1534, in order to attack the Geraldine, better known as Silken Thomas, when the latter surprised Butler's force and routed them with loss. However, Mr. John Prim, who communicated this discovery to the Kilkenny Archæological Society, observing that the bodies lay north and south, with the feet towards the former direction, contrary to the Christian custom of placing bodies with their feet towards the east, concludes that these interments may be referred to Pagan times.

The venerable ruins of the Abbey having been considerably injured by the vandal hands of wantonly mischievous persons, that learned body, the Kilkenny Archæological Society, to their eternal honor, resolve to preserve the Abbey alike from the ravages of time and the still more destructive inroads of man. A subscription was raised for the purpose, and in the autumn of 1853 the repairs were begun. Windows that had been blocked up were reopened, broken walls repaired, several disfigured monuments restored, and heaps of rubbish removed from the interior. All these improvements were effected at an expense of about ninety pounds; and the Abbey, thus conserved, is now well worthy of a visit from the tourist, to whom its vicinity to the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway render it easily accessible.

BANTRY.

The far-famed Bay of Bantry, approached either by the coast route through Dunmanway, or through Gougane Barra, presents a truly glorious scene. As neared along the dreary road from Skibbereen, a sudden turn opens up the whole bay to the view. In the distant background are seen the Killarney mountains, Mangerton, and the Reeks; nearer rises Hungry Hill (2,251 feet high, and a principal sea-mark, having also a most remarkable waterfall), the Sugar-loaf, and the Caha mountains, among which are said by the peasantry to be 365 lakes —suggesting the local legend that some saint, of aqueous propensities, prayed for a pool for each day in the year. Within the bay, at the feet of the spectator, are seen many small islands; the prettily-situated town, and, facing it, Whiddy Island, crowned with its imposing fort, commanding the whole bay, whose length is about 21 miles; breadth, 2 1-2 to 9; its shores landlocked by abrupt headlands. The town consists of two streets; but with a trio of excellent inns. Although the harbor is so fine and so sheltered, very little trade is carried on; and even the fisheries have of late unaccountably dwindled. The road into the town runs immediately under the exquisite demesne of the Earl of Bantry, and presents a continuous varying line of beauty. The seat of his lordship is called Seacourt, nobly placed, and as nobly rendered accessible to the public. The bay, few will forget, was occupied in 1796 by a French fleet, carrying 15,000 men, intended for the invasion of Ireland, according to the plan originating with Wolfe Tone, agent of the United Irishmen, the large force being commanded by the gallant but ill-fated Hoche. The fleet was dispersed in a storm; and though an extensive squadron was re-collected, Hoche refused to venture on a landing. The tourist should be stirring betimes in the morning, if he desires to view the scenery in its fullest beauty. Bantry Bay, to be fairly appreciated, must be seen before the sun has created that misty haze which deprives the glorious mountains of their bold and sharply-cut outlines. At early dawn, and accompanied by a guide, we ascend Knocknaveigh, and on reaching one peculiar spot have revealed to us a scene such as will dwell on the memory forever. The islands on the bosom of the bay afford, by their deep verdure, an exquisite contrast to the rich blue of the waters. Far across on the opposite side are seen the precipitous cliffs of the other arm of the bay, their bases fringed with a sparkling line of white foam. To the right, in the extreme distance, are the blue peaks of the Killarney mountains, overtopped by the giant Mangerton; whilst nearer, Hungry Hill upheaves its pyramidical form. Soon the whole horizon to the east begins to glow with the first blush of dawn, tinging the mountain tops with roseate hue; and gradually, from the highest peak to the surface of the dancing waves, a flood of glorious light is shed. We have now Bere Island, with its sheltered waters; the bold bluff of Shot Head; the Bay of sweet Glengarriff, with glancing sails of the fishing boats flitting by—in short, almost every conceivable auxiliary to perfection in a marine panorama of loveliness, probably not exceeded in the world. In order to vary the view, the tourist may obtain from the tableland behind Lord Bantry's demesne, some exquisite prospects. What from Knocknaveigh seems one unbroken expanse of water, here assumes the appearance of a group of lakes, divided by verdant islets, and by masses of foliage of most graceful outline. Another desirable point is Caherdermid; also the redoubt in the centre of Whiddy Island; while the heights above Gurteenroe present new aspects of beauty.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

FRANCE.

The following appears in the Paris *Presse*: "The Montalembert case has caused a great sensation on the banks of the Thames. The judgment of the court was looked for with a sort of anxiety. This, so far, is not very extraordinary, but our neighbors went further—they persuaded themselves that the Bourse of Paris must experience a violent shock, and their conviction on this point was so strong that bets were actually made as to the precise amount, more or less considerable, of the fall. People in London, therefore, must have been very much surprised when they found that the quotations at Paris, after the judgment, were firmer than at the close of the preceding day."

A French journal says that a new kind of paper for packing has just been invented, which differs from that in use by its being covered with a very thin coat of gutta percha, which renders it proof against humidity. In order to obtain this result the gutta percha is made liquid, and by means of rollers the coating is equally spread to any thickness required. Such paper, it is added, might be usefully made for covering the walls of rooms which are damp.

Le Messager gives us an account of a blind beggar on the Pont d Iena, Paris, who asserts that he is a nephew of Old Blucher, and has taken up his stand on that Bridge which the Prussians wanted to blow up in 1815. This nephew of Belisarius takes the obolus of Frenchmen, and protests that he, being born in France, would fight blindly for his adopted country.

La Presse, in reply to the *Military Gazette* of Vienna on the cession of the Valley of the Dappes to France, says: "Let Austria be reassured by the thought that if we desired to penetrate once more into the plains of Upper Italy, we should not need to possess the Valley of Dappes to carry it into execution."

Apartments have been prepared at the Hotel du Louvre, for a caravan of Arabs who are about to visit Paris after having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Among them are several chiefs of tribes.

A number of French wine pressers have been engaged to settle at the Ise of Santorin, in the Greek Archipelago, to teach the natives the proper method of dealing with the grape. That Isle is the only grower of drinkable stuff, the other vintages of Greece being detestable.

Mme. de Champagneux, the niece of Mme. Rolland, has just made the imperial library of Paris a present of all the manuscripts of the heroine of the Girondin party.

M. de Tocqueville is alarmingly ill at Cannes.

ENGLAND.

Military and Naval Forces in India.—There will shortly be a large number of nominations in the patronage of the Right Honorable the Secretary of State for India and the members of the Indian Council, to complete the effective strength of the military and naval forces in India, which will probably be divided as follows: For the Bengal Infantry, about 200; for the Madras Infantry, about 100; for the Bombay Infantry, about 50; for the Bengal and Bombay Cavalry, about 20; for the Indian Navy, about 10.—*Overland Mail.*

When are English game-law murders to cease? During the last three months more men have been shot to death in England in poaching encounters than the number of Irish landlords who bit the dust in the palmiest year of Riband association. Another conflict between poachers and gamekeepers, doubly fatal, occurred on the estate of Mr. Ackroyd, in Cheshire. A party of keepers met four poachers, and attempted to take them; but the poachers fired, shot one dead, and mortally wounded the other. The murderers have not been apprehended. It is surely time that something were done to remove this perpetual source of rural warfare and bloodshed.—*London Star.*

Two fatal poaching affrays have occurred; one at Doddington, near Nantwich, Cheshire; the other at Bishop Burton. In the former six keepers and watchers who had sallied out armed after midnight, found four men, two of whom were drawing nets. These they seized, when the other two fired on the keepers, killing Thomas Maddock and mortally wounding James Beech. At Bishop Burton Mr. Watt's head gamekeeper was killed by poachers, six of whom are in custody.

A colossal statue is to be erected at Carlisle, as a record of the esteem in which the inhabitants held Mr. Samuel Steele, late proprietor and editor of the Carlisle *Journal*, who did good service in his day by a straightforward, manly course of conduct, which fully entitled him to the honor of this fine memorial.

Dr. Valentine Duke, a knight of the Sweedish Order of Vaso, and a retired medical officer of the British navy, died at Brighton lately, in the 82d year of his age. He was placed on the list of retired surgeons on the 11th of July, 1800.

An occasional Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says it is quite true that a battalion of Infantry and three batteries of Artillery, with horses and equipment complete for service, will embark at Toulon immediately for the coast of Central America.

SCOTLAND.

Model Lodging-houses in Edinburgh.—The citizens of Edinburgh are making efforts towards erecting houses for the working classes in that city. The plan proposed is that a certain amount of capital should be subscribed to be devoted to the building of houses, which, as soon as built, are to be sold to working men or small capitalists; and the capital thus set free is to be again employed in building additional houses. A meeting has been held at which it was agreed that the capital should be fixed at £20,000, to be divided into £10 shares, and that as soon as £5,000 worth were taken up the society should be constituted and operations commenced.

Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Grattan Guinness.—An amusing anecdote is told of these gentlemen—Mr. Guinness, wishing to see the noted London preacher, called at his house. The servant, as usual, asked "What name, please, sir? "Say," said Mr. G., "a servant of Christ." The message was duly delivered; but Mr. Spurgeon, from some cause or other, did not wish to be troubled with company, and therefore delivered himself thus—"Hum! a servant of Christ, did the gentleman say?" "Yes, sir," replied the domestic. "Then tell him, with my compliments, that I am engaged with his Master, and cannot see him to day."—*Glasgow Commonwealth.*

ITALY.

Mazzini.—A letter from Genoa in the *Courrier de Paris* says: "Mazzianism seems bent on making a last effort. Since the death of the *Italia del Popolo*, the organ of the party, it was believed that Mazzini, who was also capitally condemned here, would limit his organs to one in England, and in fact he had brought out the *Pensiero e Azione*. Now, another organ, the *San Giorgio*, is about to come out in full armor at Genoa. The first journal which bears the name of a saint will be a Democratic one! We must remember, though, that St. George was the patron of the Republic of Genoa, and Mazzini wishes to recall the history of the past to assist the propagation of his cause. This will produce little effect, as the people of Genoa, who are acquainted with the history of their city, know that the Republic in their case was no more than a name. It was obliged to give itself up to this or that power for protection; one day to Austria, another to France, and then again Spain garrisoned its forts at the request of the Republic."

A letter from Turin gives accounts from Milan —a great agitation continuing to prevail among the inhabitants of the Lombardo Venetian kingdom. The people loudly complain of the new laws on recruitment and of the new coinage. The discontent on the former subject goes on every day increasing, and is beginning to show itself in public demonstration. The youth of Milan wage war on cigars supplied, as they are, by Austria, and will not allow any person to smoke in the streets. At night, amidst popular songs, may be heard cries of "Italy for ever!" The army and the police are alarmed at the state of excitement which exists; the Austrian officers always walk in the streets armed, as after the 6th February, 1858, and at night they frequently have an escort.

The authentic text of the short speech pronounced by the King of Sardinia at a late military review, and which has produced so great an agitation, has now become known from a semi-official source, inasmuch as the *Gazette de Savoie* prints it. The phrase in it so much quoted is really what the *Gazetta del Popolo*, of Turin, stated it to be. The King said, addressing, however, only a few officers of high rank: "Gentlemen, let us be prepared, for it may happen that next spring we shall have again to smell gunpowder."

The diligence going out of Bologna has been plundered by brigands within three miles of the city. The Government chest (remittance for taxes), amounting to 20,000 swanzigers, was sacked by the banditti.

The population of the kingdom of Sardinia, according to the new census, comprises 5,194,807 inhabitants.

AUSTRIA.

Education in Austria.—It appears by a recent return that the total number of schools and educational establishments in Austria is 44,193, with 67,304 teachers and professors, and 3,345,613 students and scholars. Of these establishments 41,860 are national schools, with 55,431 teachers and 3,196,422 scholars. Of the other establishments 206 are universities and "superior institutions," 388 middle schools, and 63 military schools. Towards the support of these institutions there are revenues attached to them to the amount of £111,380 per annum; the various states, towns, and communities contribute £141,367 per annum, religious and other agencies £55,696 per annum, and the public treasury £17,357 per annum.

RUSSIA.

Communication between Russia and China.—In the recent treaty between Russia and China it is stipulated that there shall be a monthly communication between Kischta, on the Russian frontier, and Pekin, the communication to be effected in 15 days, for the convenience of the two governments, as well as for the wants of the Russian ecclesiastical mission at Pekin. This mission consists of ten persons—never more—but may be less, from death or other causes. They reside within the city of Pekin, near the imperial palace; have a Chinese guard of honor, but are unrestricted in their movements.

Two sons of Archduchess Marie of Russia, widow of the Duc de Leuchtenberg (son of Prince Eugene Beauharnais), are now in Piedmont, and about to leave for a winter in Rome. By this connection the imperial house of Romanoff is allied to the grandson of Josephine, now occupant of the imperial throne of France.

Our periodical press, says a letter from St. Petersburg, is greatly improving. A new journal, called *The Daily Russian Paper*, and a new weekly journal, *The Russian World*, have just been published. At Moscow also a new journal has been established under the name of *The Veil*.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that the government of Kharkoo have addressed a petition to the Emperor, requesting him to cause the judicial procedure to be simplified in rendering it oral, and also open to the public.

GERMANY.

A Silent Printing Office.—In the town of Zablagen, Wirtemberg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment, by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of 160. Eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated, at M. Helgerad's own cost, to the employment they are now engaged in. The King has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

A sentence of divorce has been pronounced between Prince Frederic William of Hanau, eldest son of the Elector of Hesse, and the daughter of the comedian Birnbaum. Henceforward the prince is to reside in the palace in the town of Fulde.

NORWAY.

The Horses of Norway.—Laing, in his travels in Norway, says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food. Instead of swilling themselves with the pailful of water at a draught, no doubt from the fear of not getting any again, and then overgorging themselves for the same reason, they have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is amusing to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other, alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do, while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.

The Storthing of Norway has accorded a sum of 60,000f. for the purpose of making mineralogical researches, and for the publication of a geological map of certain districts.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Pizarro.—In a crypt, beneath the high altar of the Cathedral, at Lima, South America, lies the mortal remains of Francis Pizarro, conqueror of Peru. He was a native of Truxillo, Estramadura, Spain and son of an Hidalgo or gentleman of that country. His father did not ever teach him to read or write, but made a swineherd of Francesco. Having lost one of his hogs, and being fearful of returning home, he embarked for Spanish America. He first distinguished himself under Nunez de Balboa, in 1513–'34; discovered Peru in conjunction with Almagro. Charles the V. gave him the government of this new found country. He then conquered the country, and rose to the dignity of Governor General of Peru, and an Admiral in the Spanish Navy. There were many acts of Pizarro's which cannot be justified during his administration of the government of Peru. A man without the advuntages of education, from the most vile of occupations, by constancy of purpose, great courage and indomitable perseverance, he rose to the highest dignities. When as Governor of Peru he returned to Spain, and laid at the feet of the Spanish Monarch the productions of the new world, and also several of the natives, he presented a fine martial bearing and comported himself with the dignity of his high station. Pizarro returned to Peru, when a contest arose between him and Almagro, which terminated in the defeat and execution of the latter. Almagro had a son, who, in revenge for his father's death, formed a conspiracy against Pizarro, and of an Easter Sunday while he was dining with a number of friends, young Almagro entered his Palace at Lima, and assassinated him. The Governor fought to the last, and it was only when his friends were all killed and himself overpowered by numbers and covered with wounds, he at last fell, sword in hand. He was embalmed and buried in the Cathedral in Lima.

The Solitary Horseman.—The men who inhabited the banks of the Wabash river, in Indiana, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, were probably very fine men in their way, but the "way" of some of them was sometimes an unpleasant one. At the time of which we speak the people of Bagtown and Shaytown were having a great controversy as to where the county buildings would be located. The Bagtowners said they must be put up in Bagtown, while the Shaytowners insisted they should be erected in Shaytown. The contest was a hot one, but the Shaytowners finally conquered, and the jail and court-house were built in Shaytown. Near the close of a sultry day in August, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly entering into the picturesque village of Bagtown. Court was in session, and the horseman rode leisurely up to the door of the court-house. A young lawyer was addressing the jury in strains of impassioned eloquence, and the venerable Judge Merkins was sleeping sweetly in his arm chair. The solitary horseman's name was William Perkins, and he resided in Bagtown. Unslinging his rifle, he took good aim at the Judge through the doorway, and saying in a tragical voice, "You Shaytown folks have got the court 'us, but I'll have a pop at ye!" he fired. The ball slightly grazed the left cheek of the Judge and lodged in the woodwork just behind him. The Judge awoke just in time to see the solitary horseman wheel his steed preparatory to going back to Bagtown. "Hold on, rascal!" shouted the Judge, jumping violently up, "you shot that gun, Bill Perkins, and I fine you ten dollars for contempt of court!" There are no documents in the archives of Indiana stating whether Bill Perkins paid his fine or not.—*Plain Dealer.*

Excitement in a Methodist Church.—The Tyler (Texas) *Reporter* has the following: "While Bishop Pierce was preaching at the Methodist Church, the cry was raised that the house was falling, and immediately a "stampede" ensued, which baffles description. The utmost consternation prevailed, as every person in the house made a desperate struggle to reach the door. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with ladies and gentlemen, and the screams of the former and shouts of the latter were enough to appal the stoutest hearts. Pell-mell over each other they rushed, in their mad panic—the strong crushing the weak under foot, until the house was cleared. Windows were dashed to pieces to afford openings for egress, and men, women and children came through so promiscuously, so mixed up that you couldn't tell "t'other from which." As soon as all had gained the open air, it was discovered that the alarm was a false one, and that no danger whatever had existed. It was not known who originated the alarm, but the services were not resumed that evening. Singular to say, no person was seriously injured in the panic."

Getting along without Money.—It is a curious fact that all the manual labor performed on the Placerville and Salt Lake telegraph line, has been done by men who work at fair wages and take their pay in stock. The steamboats carry the wire from San Francisco to Sacramento on an unlimited credit, and will probably take pay in stock. The teamsters haul it to its destination, and take pay in stock; the grocers of Placerville furnish provisions and take pay in stock; and thus the people, the hard-fisted, the bone and sinew of the land, become directly interested in the great enterprise. The masses have taken hold of it, and exhibit their faith in the enterprise by their deeds.—*Sacramento Bee.*

The Navajo Tribe of Indians.—An officer in the army in New Mexico thus writes respecting this tribe: "The present population—the Navajo Indians—is rather a combination of the savage and the partially civilized being. Many of their habits, especially in dress, are nomadic, while some of their pursuits are intelligent and useful. They have no religion. Their superstitions point to some of the heavenly bodies as objects of worship, which is sometimes performed by dances. The body, they think, goes to the earth, and the spirit lives in the air after the mortal existence. When one dies, he is quickly thrown into some crevice or hole, sticks piled on him, his blankets, trinkets, &c., laid with him, and the body is then left, inspiring the utmost dread and fear in the living. They plant and raise great quantities of corn, and considerable wheat. They also grow melons, pumpkins, and have peach trees, another evidence of more civilized life. They raise immense numbers of sheep, and horses. They manufacture the finest and most durable blankets in the world. The men greatly respect the women. They have no government. Property is the most potential voice in council. War is dreaded by the rich, but courted by the poor. Their number is about twelve thousand and increasing. As a nation they have in them elements for improvement and cultivation."

Rather Tough.—In a recent lecture upon the subject of his experience in Arctic life, Dr. Rae said: "On the journey I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox. Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to make himself look as much as possible like a hare, (which is an animal comparatively worthless.) Another fact of this kind occurred to me. Whilst being detained at a particular place, our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was by a spring gun connected with the bait, which, when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's fate or from hard earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and, the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undisturbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize it, and calmly permit the charge to pass harmless over his head."

A Monster.—The Yreka (California) *Union* tells a pretty rough panther story. Not long since the family of a Mr. White, near Soda Springs, were aroused, late in the evening, by an unearthly noise outside the house, and started from their beds to ascertain the cause. On going out of doors they perceived that the noise proceeded from a pine tree near the house, and looking up beheld one of their young calves in the mouth of some animal, but what it was they could not discover in the darkness. Henry White, having brought out his rifle, fired at the glaring eyes, being the only part distinctly visible, when down came the calf and along with it the largest panther ever shot in this country, measuring from the nose to the tail (the latter not included) nine feet and three inches. Mr. White and son, after the latter had fired and the animal came thundering down from the tree, took a sudden stampede for the house, not being quite sure whether the animal was dead or not, but the single shot had done the work.

Murder Will Out.—A few years since a citizen of Alabama, whose name is suppressed by the papers, committed a cruel murder, but on trial for the crime he escaped, owing to some link being needed in the evidence. Public opinion was against him, and he soon after left and took up his residence in Attala County, Miss. It is recently related of him that, after having experienced the most terrible agony for many months, he procured a barrel of whiskey, and excluded himself from the society of man, where, solitary and alone, he plunged into the deepest and most thorough state of intoxication, drinking, it is said, a quart of the "fire water" at a draught. In this gloomy and miserable condition he lingered through the lapse of two or three months, and finally died, in the most intense mortal agony, calling upon the bystanders to take away from his bedside the victim who had so long haunted his memory and agonized him in his dreams.—*Texas Argus.*

The Man with a Visible Heart in Boston.—M. Eugene Groux, says the Boston *Transcript*, December 9, to whom we alluded last evening as the subject of a most remarkable peculiarity in his formation, is now engrossing the attention of the medical profession in this city. His case allows a close examination of the regions of the heart never before sufficiently explored or understood. The sounds and motions of portions of the heart, lungs and adjoining great vessels, are distinctly and beautfully illustrated. M. Groux has been seen in the last few years by almost every eminent physician in Europe, he having travelled extensively for that purpose in Germany, Holland, Sweden, Russia, Spain, France and Great Britain—exciting everywhere the most intense interest among the profession.

A New Style of Piano.—A new style of piano is announced, got up on the principle of the violin. A correspondent of a Boston paper says that "there is something about these instruments so different from anything else, that when once heard, you can never mistake them; the tone is sympathetic, and at a distance you can scarce realize that it is an instrument, they so resemble the human voice."

Notice to Travellers.—The Harrisburg (Pa.) *Union* says that the following "rules of the road" are based upon legal decisions; they ought be universally made known: "Applicants for tickets on railroads can be ejected from the cars if they do not offer the exact amount of their fare. Conductors are not bound to make change. All railroad tickets are good until used, and conditions 'good for this day only,' or otherwise limiting the time of genuineness, are of no account. Passengers who lose their tickets can be ejected from the cars unless they purchase a second one. Passengers are bound to observe decorum in the cars and are obliged to comply with all reasonable demands to show tickets. Standing upon the platform, or otherwise violating a rule of the company, renders a person liable to be put from the train. No person has a right to monopolize more seats than he has paid for, and any article left in a seat while the owner is temporarily absent, entitles him to the place upon his return."

Injured by the Bursting of a Barrel of Sauerkraut.—A barrel, which had been lying for a number of months in the cellar of a commission house on Front street, between Broadway and Ludlow, was being removed by several workmen, engaged in clearing the cellar, when the barrel exploded as if it had held gunpowder, the staves flying in various directions, striking the men and injuring them, though but slightly, on the face, arms and breast. The barrel, it was discovered, had contained sauerkraut, which, standing for a long time, had fermented and generated gases, which, on being disturbed, had caused the explosion. The odor that filled the cellar after the accident was more powerful to penetrate than we to describe; it was, in no unexaggerated sense of the much abused adjective, entirely awful. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Hard Case.—A Western forwarder says he has been cleaned out by the wheat speculations. Two months ago he had an abundance of money but no wheat. Subsequently he had both wheat and money, but now he has neither. A few weeks since wheat fell to eighty-five cents, and he bought at that rate looking for a rise. Very soon it dropped to sixty-eight, and hoping to make up his loss, he mortgaged the first lot and bought more. As it still kept dropping, he thought it his duty to go into Chicago and see about it, where the first greeting that met his eye was a telegram from New York, "wheat is *flat*." He thought it rather a *sharp* truth when he found that, having gone to the extent of his credit, he was obliged to sell at fifty-five cents.

A Huge Water Tank.—One of the largest reservoirs in the world is in California. It is located on a tributary of the Stanislaus—near the region of perpetual snow—and when filled will cover an area of fifteen hundred acres. The object of its construction is to economize the water that flows off during the months of June and July, when the melting snows fill the river to overflowing. The water thus caught will be saved until the months when the river supply fails to furnish enough for the ordinary wants of the miner. The reservoir will then be drawn upon, and by this means there will be a permanent supply for the demands of the mining interest. It is situated in a dense forest of pine and fir, where but little will be lost by evaporation.

A Fable.—A young man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along, he kept his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, in hopes of finding another. And in the course of a long life he picked up at different times a good amount of gold and silver. But all these years while he was looking for them he saw not that heaven was bright above him, and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought the treasure, and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as you walk along.

Camanches Wild, and Camanches Tame.—The Waco (Texas) *Democrat* learns from Geo. Barnard, Esq., who returned a short time since from the Brazos Agency, a grand council of the Indians was called, which opened with a "*big war dance*," afterwards they received their annuity presents from the Government commissioners. While this fandango was going on, the wild Camanches stole in and carried off over two hundred head of horses belonging to the Reserve Indians. Next day being Friday, a consultation was held, and on Saturday, about sixty of their number started on foot in pursuit of the stolen horses.

Fashionable Society.—Somebody says that "society" is a nuisance in a "fashionable sense." It is nothing more or less than a stiff series of absurd and cold formalities. It has no heart, any more than the Rock of Gibraltar has. The password to it is "Money"—if you've got it, or can make the world *think* you have, "go in." Brush up your beaver—never mind about brushing up your character—and "go in!" Learn the set speeches of polite gossip, dress in "good taste," and keep up a fashionable outside show, and you shall safely pass with the genteel elect.

A Family of Criminals.—Among the convicts recently sentenced at Ann Harbor, Michigan, were Robert Fuller and James Walker, both young men, for murder. Mrs. Fuller, the mother of Robert, and a younger son and brother, were also sentenced for burglary and larceny. A young woman, daughter of Mrs. Fuller, is also in jail, indicted for larceny. The father of Walker is also in jail, charged with burglary.

The Coast Survey.—There are now thirty-six Coast Survey parties in the field and afloat—on the Atlantic coast, eighteen; on the Gulf coast, twelve; and on the Pacific coast, six. These are distributed for the winter as follows: In the vicinity of Chesapeake bay, (Virginia,) two; coast of North Carolina, three; coast of South Carolina and Georgia, seven; Florida peninsula, reefs, and keys, twelve; coast of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, four; coast of Texas, two; and the coast of California, Oregon, and Washington Territories, six.

Crinoline Mistaken for a Bird Cage.—Not long since an artless old lady from the Perche hills of Boone County, Ky., happened to be in a dry goods store in Columbia, in which were suspended overhead a large number of the skeleton or hoop skirts. A lady who was in the store at the time, being asked by a clerk if he could not sell her one of the said articles, the old lady's attention was attracted to them, when, looking up, she exclaimed: "La me! Are them things hooped skirts? I thought they were bird cages.

The Sugar Crop of Iberville Parish.—The Plaquemine *Sentinel* says: "The sugar-making season is drawing to a close. Many planters have finished grinding; others are about finishing. From the information we possess, we do not hesitate in saying that the crop of this parish will be a large one, and that the sugar will be of a very superior quality. The frost has not damaged the cane as much as expected. We presume this is owing to the cool weather which has continued since the frost up to this time."

The Muskrats Again—An Open Winter.—The La Crosse (Wis.) *Democrat* says: "Everywhere upon our neighboring marshes the muskrats are building their winter-houses on comparatively high ground, or pretty much out of water. By the testimony of the "oldest inhabitants" this fact always foreshadows an open winter. If a hard freezing winter is at hand, the muskrats build low in the water, to keep under the ice. If an open or mild winter approaches, they keep nearer the surface. The muskrats proved true prophets last year.

Up to the present time we have scarcely felt the rigorous winter frosts. On the contrary, with the exception of a couple of weeks, the weather has been for some time past sufficiently damp and gloomy. Although very unpleasant for pedestrians, injurious to invalids, and disagreeable to pleasure seekers, it has been productive of the much desired result, a rise in the river, and a consequent revival of trade. Many families, who would otherwise have been perfectly destitute during the coming cold season, have been thus enabled to provide a support for themselves. These blessings of Divine Providence ought to render us more grateful and more liberal towards God. There are many worthy objects of charity, and if we are the recipients of the mercies of God, we should remember that more shall be required of him, to whom more has been given. — *Pittsburgh Catholic.*

The Lafayette (Ind.) *Courier* says that some visitor from the rural districts in that city recently got a paper of powder, three boxes of matches, and pleasantly drunk, all at the same time, and with his acquisitions started home. The road was rough, and the jolting of the wagon rubbed the matches together hard enough to ignite them, and they "touched off" the powder, and the powder blew the fellow out of the wagon, blew the pantaloons off his body, and the soles off his boots. The horses were frightened by the explosion and ran off, smashing the wagon badly.

The Barnstable *Patriot* says the mackerel fishery has proved unfortunate this season. Vessels went out at the beginning of the season with their usual outfits, and they have returned without any fish, or with exceedingly small fares. The cod fishery is better. Vessels employed in this business are usually more successful—cod are more plenty. There is no difficulty in the search. They abound in well known localities. The fisherman seeking cod is generally secure of a good return of his expenditure and his toil.

An amusing incident recently took place in Cincinnati. Two gentlemen afflicted with St. Vitus' dance met, and each supposing the other to be mocking him, a fight ensued of the most desperate character. Finally, a mutual acquaintance found them struggling in the gutter, and succeeded in separating them and making known their mistake—when they shook hands and apologized to each other.

Sonora, over which Mr. Buchanan proposes a protectorate, contains 15,000,000 acres of land, and a population of 140,000, including Indians. The number of white inhabitants does not probably exceed 30,000. Sonora is believed to be one of the richest mineral regions in the known world.

One chap, who owes for two years' subscription to the *Union*, recently left his paper uncalled for at the post-office. We inquired of the postmaster as to his whereabouts and ability to pay, and received the following short answer: "He is in the Theological Seminary, at ——, preparing for the ministry!"—*Machias Union.*

We learn from Albany that the State Canvassers have decided to refuse certificates of election to the six Congressmen from N. Y. city, for the reason that the return in each case read "For Member of Congress," instead of "For Representative in Congress."

The Mississippi Senate has passed a resolution appropriating $30,000 for a monument to the late General Quitman, at Natchez.

NEW YORK TABLET.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

At the Office, 164 *William Street*,

NEW YORK.

Terms:

Single Copies	6 cents.	
Served by Carrier	$3 00	per year.
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A Column, "	200 00

*** All advertisements for insertion in the TABLET should be sent in before Saturday of each week.

*** All Letters and Communications should be addressed, "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IRISHMAN, Lawrence, Mass.—We have only a few volumes of last year's TABLET left, so that if you desire one you should order it at once.

S. T., Janesville, Wis.—Anonymous, and therefore inadmissible.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1859.

THE TABLET FOR 1859.

WE have already stated in these pages that the rule of conduct adopted by the Publishers of the TABLET was to respond to every increase of patronage by an increase of attractive features in our Paper. Our Programme for 1859 is the strongest evidence that we are determined to carry out that principle.

The EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT will be under the control of the gentleman who has directed it since the commencement of the present volume. All topics of interest to the Catholic community will be treated of as usual, in a fearless and independent manner. The extensive and flattering manner in which articles from the editorial columns of the N. Y. TABLET have been quoted by the Catholic Press in the United States, Cuba, Ireland, England, &c., as well as the fierce manner in which they have been attacked by that Press whose sole vitality lies in its hatred of everything Catholic, is highly encouraging to their authors and is a gratifying proof that those articles are not without merit. The kind words of approval and encouragement which every mail brings to the Editorial Department of the TABLET, from reverend clergymen and from laymen, many of whom are separated from us by thousands of miles, make that assurance doubly sure and our labor one of love.

At the head of our FICTION department stands the name of MRS. J. SADLIER, whose tales, delightful as they are in purity of conception and naturalness of execution, form part of the library of every Irish-American family whose members keep burning the sacred fire of Faith and Patriotism. Mrs. Sadlier's reputation as a writer, in the line of fiction she has marked out for herself, needs not to be insisted upon here. Our first page to-day contains the first chapter of a new effort of her pen, and the success which has attended her previous works in the difficult department of historical tale-writing, is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS, and the wide-spread popularity which awaits it.

For 1859, we have added a new department to our journal: that of HISTORY. We inaugurate it by a POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the well-known pen of THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE, Esq., M.P.P. for Montreal. There is no man in America, and few even in Ireland, more peculiarly fitted for the task of writing a popular history of his country than Mr. McGee. Familiar both with his subject and the tastes of those for whom he writes, with an ardent love of Ireland and everything that appertains to her, Mr. McGee ever enters upon an Irish subject with his whole heart. Our POPULAR HISTORY then, written by a gentleman possessing such peculiar qualifications, cannot fail to be a most brilliant success.

There is no department of a newspaper which requires more tact and experience, more thorough knowledge of the taste of that various personage, the general public, than that of the NEWS, SELECTIONS, and MISCELLANEOUS MATTER. The TABLET was fortunate in securing, at its start, the services of a gentleman whose experience in the various walks of journalism, and whose consequent familiarity with the public taste give him a peculiar aptitude for the direction of this department. The Selections and Miscellaneous matter given in the TABLET are the subject of unanimous approval. This department will continue to be directed by the gentleman above alluded to, and it could not be confided to better hands.

We have lately added to our list of contributors a DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT, whose interesting letters constitute a feature in the TABLET. Our Dublin Correspondent enjoys exceptional facilities for obtaining the earliest information on all subjects connected with Ireland and Irish affairs. That he knows how to avail himself of these facilities, his letters afford abundant proof. He will continue as in the past to communicate weekly with the readers of the TABLET, from the Irish metropolis.

OUR LONDON and PARIS CORRESPONDENTS, who have faithfully discharged their duties since the commencement of their connection with the TABLET, will continue to enlighten us on the true aspect of affairs in England and France. The fact that all our European intelligence comes to us through the distorted medium of English journalism, makes reliable correspondents in the capital of Catholic France and the great English metropolis of Protestanism, valuable accessions to our corps of contributors. Our intelligent correspondent at our own national capital will also continue to furnish his weekly missive from Washington, and will keep a vigilant watch over the interests of Catholics in the assemblies of our legislators.

In the department of CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE we think we may point with satisfaction to the energy and enterprise displayed by our journal. SPECIAL REPORTS of all important ceremonies and sermons will continue to be a distinguishing feature of the TABLET.

We think our readers will admit that the varied literary feast to which we invite them weekly is such as they could not obtain in any other form for ten times the price of the TABLET. Fully confident then that our paper is more than worth its price, our rates will remain at the usual standard.

The *Asia* not having arrived, we have to go to press without the weekly letter of our Dublin correspondent.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WE have already had the pleasure of making New Years's wishes for some of our readers, on a former occasion, while others who now figure among them will receive our greeting this year for the first time. The mental communication which we have enjoyed weekly with our old friends for the past twelve months and more, has been, we think, to both them and ourselves, a source of pleasure and profit. Their actions speak for them. The continuance of their names on our subscription books, their friendly exertions in extending the TABLET's influence, as well as the fact that their renewals of subscription are accompanied by words of kind approval and encouragement, that not a solitary complaint of the course pursued by the TABLET has even reached us—are the proofs of their appreciation of our exertions. While thanking them, then, for past evidences of friendship, and wishing that the New Year may be to them a happy and a bountiful one, we hope they will continue in 1859 as in 1858, to take a kindly interest in us. To our new accessions of strength we also beg to offer our best wishes for a prosperous year, and take the liberty of hoping that they will follow the example set them by our older friends. On our part we will leave nothing undone to give them an independent and reliable paper, high in tone and truly Catholic in spirit, and we hope that we shall be all well satisfied with each other when the time comes to make wishes of happiness for 1860.

THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

CHARLES FORBES, the Comte de Montalembert, is another proof added to the many afforded us by history from the time of ancient Grecian eloquence to the present Spurgeonic era, that orators generally, are a very impracticable and inconsistent set of men—that a tongue of silver is not always accompanied by a judicious or practical mind. A man may be worthy by his scholastic attainments to preside over the forty "immortals" of the French Academy, and yet be himself exceedingly mortal as far as liability to erroneous opinion is concerned. Orators are usually poor judges of matter of fact; it is their aim to arrive at brilliancy rather than solidity or truth—to dazzle and astonish rather than to correct or to instruct. The Count de Montalembert is the completest type of the orator, and his late passionate outburst in the *Correspondant*, which has caused his prosecution, is, in its glaring inconsistency, highly consistent with that character. It is natural that a man like Montalembert, whose highest genius lies in talking, should be spited to the utmost to see his occupation gone. He confounds his country with himself, and, like most orators, believes there is no liberty if he has not liberty to talk.

We are sensible of the services rendered by the Count to the Catholic cause, but we are not blind to his monarchical proclivities. In fact it is hard to say which of the two—the Catholic or the Monarchist—predominates in his opinions. This blind devotion to monarchical institutions he inherited in his cradle, his father having been a peer of France and a faithful adherent of Charles X., whom he represented at the Swedish Court. The Count's fallacious ideas of England and English freedom were instilled into his mind by the English mother, who gave him birth in the English capital some forty-eight years ago. We must do the Count the justice to say that we consider his prosecuted article to have been based on those early impressions, which, however erroneous, are almost impossible of deracination. We must also think that for some years back the Count has never seen an English paper, or he would have some idea of the exact amount of liberty enjoyed in the be-lauded land, by members of his own faith. He would have seen that it is silly in England to expect equal law between Protestant and Catholic—that the highest English tribunals will fly in the face of law, truth, and evidence, to decide in favor of the former. He would have seen in the case of Achilli *vs.* Newman, that the clearest and most irrefragable testimony was unblushingly disregarded and a verdict given in favor of the shameless pervert. The trial of O'Connell for whom the Count professed a sort of hero-worship, and for whose repose he had a solemn Requiem Mass offered up at Notre Dame, would have shown him that the administration of justice in Ireland was a delusion, a mockery and a snare." He would have learned how an impious mob in the British capital, to out rage the feelings of their Catholic fellow-subjects, dragged ignominiously through the streets of London, an effigy of the Blessed Mother of God and burned it, and that there was no official to interfere. Had he even read the *Journal des Debats*, that great advocate of parliamentary institutions, he would have seen that the audacious manner in which the rights of a Catholic mother to bring up her children in her own faith were trampled on in the case of Alicia Race, was made the topic of unsparing denunciation by M. John Lemonne—denunciation which brought forth a unanimous howl from the English in Paris, in *Galignani*, hitherto sacred to topics of speculation or finance. The Press would also have disclosed to him, the manner in which Catholics were robbed of their portion of the Patriotic Fund—how Catholic soldiers were robbed of their pay in India, because they would not allow their children to go to Protestant schools—how the O'Malley children were handed over by a proselytizing Chancellor to be brought up Protestants, in direct opposition to their father's will—how the Sisters of Mercy are excluded by the authorities of British institutions—and he has no doubt learned, since his conviction, that in the Isle of Man, a mob of Protestant fanatics attack and injure a Catholic Church and the dwelling and stores of Catholics, while the representative of the British Government looks on approvingly. We must, in charity to the Count, suppose that he was carried away by his oratorical passion and his early impressions, for we would not accuse him of being cognizant of such facts as these and wilfully concealing them.

The attitude of the press in England and in this country with regard to M. de Montalembert is not less inconsequent and absurd than the incriminated article: *Un debats sur l'Inde au parlement anglais.* We might have excluded the press of this country; for, with few exceptions, our journals have no one, among their corps of contributors, sufficiently familiar with continental languages or history to form an independent opinion on a European question, and are consequently but feeble and confused echoes of the English journals. It is sufficiently comical to see the London *Times* lauding to the skies Montalembert, who, not many years ago, was the subject of daily caricature by the "friends of freedom" and was termed "Jesuit," in the Voltarian acceptation of the noble term. Though comical however it is comprehensible: Montalembert praises England and the *Times* praises Montalembert for the moment; but will be ready to abuse him at a minute's notice, should he change his opinion. But the view taken of the question by a portion of the Catholic Press in England is incomprehensible. They persist by some extraordinary visual obliquity in seeing, in the accused writer, merely the great Catholic orator, the author of the *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, and seem to look upon the prosecution as almost amounting to Catholic persecution. Montalembert, the Catholic, has nothing whatsoever to do with it; Catholicity has nothing to do with it. Montalembert, the Monarchist, is the accused, and Monarchism alone is in cause. Montalembert acknowledged the Imperial government by sitting in the Corps Legislatif, and he fell out with Napoleon III.—not on some Catholic question, not because the freedom of the press and of speech was curtailed, not on some great principle of popular right—but on a purely and personally monarchical question: the confiscation of the Orleans Property. The grave head-shakes of some presses over the matter, their prophecies of

danger to the stability of the Empire from this persecution bring a smile to the lips of any one who knows the position of Montalembert holds in French popular opinion. Montalembert enjoys a certain consideration, but a limited amount of influence, among the band of illustrious universitarians, who, as scholars, are the first men of France, but who are only scholars, and have no hold on the public, who, now waning on towards the decline of their lives, sigh after some branch of the Orleans family (they fight among themselves as to which) as something they had been accustomed to in their younger days. With the great mass of the French people he is decidedly unpopular, and would, perhaps, be the very last man in France on whose account they would go to the trouble of getting up an *emeute*, not to say a revolution.

As a proof of Montalembert's glaring inconsistency in this affair, we may state that his first acquaintance with the Police Correctionnelle did not take place under Napoleon III. He was first brought before that Tribunal in the beginning of Louis Philippe's reign, under his much be-lauded parliamentary institutions, for his hostility to them at that period, and would have been sentenced by it had not the death of his father made him a peer of France and given him the right to demand a trial by his peers, which ended in a condemation to a fine of one hundred francs. Under the republic of 1848 we find him at first opposing the admission of Louis Napoleon, and a law requiring publishers of newspapers to furnish security, but before a very long time elapses we find him supporting measures for the restriction of the Press, the further limitation of the suffrage, and defending the President.

Another feature in this case has been forgotten or is unknown by a large portion of the Press: that the laws under which Montalembert was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced, do not emanate from Imperial but from Republican Legislation. The offence committed by M. de Montalembert against the Emperor and the Empire, being committed against the Republic of '48 and the President, would have been punishable by the same penalties, and from the odor in which he then was with the majority of the legislation of the Republic, it is more than probable his offence would not have been so easily pardoned. Pushing inconsistency to its extreme limits, M. de Montalembert grounds his appeal from the decision of the Police Correctionnelle, on the very fact that the laws by which he was tried were made for and by a Republic, and states in a letter to the *Moniteur*, refusing the Emperor's pardon, that he is "one of those who still believe in justice," thereby proving that he expects justice in Imperial France, maugre the Imperial will—a confidence which, with all his early imbibed prejudices, we are sure he could not have in the impartial administration of justice in England in spite of popular prejudice, a sample of which may be found in the trial of the conspirator, Bernard.

WIFE-BEATING IN ENGLAND.

The great increase of this inhuman practice among certain classes in England is made the subject of comment by our London correspondent. It seems that all the efforts to quell this vice of the lower English by the ordinary penalties employed for the repression of crime have been unavailing. A movement is on foot to make a second appeal to the English parliament to decree corporal punishment for the offences of wife and child-beating.

According to the statistics furnished, no less than three thousand wretches have been convicted of this crime, at the various London police offices during the year. This figure, as our correspondent justly remarks, does not give a tenth part of the number of those who are daily culpable of this barbarous and cowardly offence, for it is with great difficulty the suffering wives can be induced to prosecute their torturers.

This terrible fact is the most eloquent comment on what is called "Anglo-Saxon civilization," and a stinging satire on the proselytizing cliques who leave their own countrymen and women sunk in the most inhuman barbarism and spend millions in sending out mock-missionaries to play at converting Asiatics, who are not so brutally besotted as the English laborer, in the heart of London, under the noses of the Bishop of London, the oily Spurgeon, and all the sleek and well-fed preachers who expound the "teruth" to the well-dressed classes.

"PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY."

In our remarks on the President's message we contrasted the mild tone of that document towards Great Britain with the decided boldness with which it took hold of Costa Rica and Nicaragua. We have had another instance lately of our moderation when the Government of Queen Victoria is concerned. The Steamer *Washington*, from New York, with passengers on board, when entering the harbor of San Juan, after having been visited by the officers of American war-vessels lying off the fort, was boarded by British naval officers and her hands interrogated as to whence they came, how many passengers they had on board, the extent to which the American officers had pushed their visit, &c. Being answered that they would receive all necessary information by applying on board any of the American war-steamers in the port, they coolly replied that they were under orders to have their information direct.

This visit was the more extraordinary from the fact that it had been announced, on the highest Federal authority, that the British government had totally and entirely abandoned the right of search. No one could have imagined that a distinction would be made between slavers and fillibusters. From the immense excitement occasioned among certain parties here by the recent British aggressions in the Gulf, the blood-and-thunder speeches made by bellicose senators and members of Congress, the threats of bringing all the British vessels in the Gulf into American ports and hanging all their officers, one would be inclined to suppose that the American steamers off San Juan would immediately blaze away at the Britishers. But no such thing took place. The American Commander in that station and the English Captain opened harmless broadsides of correspondence, which inflicted injury only on the syntactical principles of Lindley Murray. The representative of Columbia writes to him of Britannia, demanding an explanation of his conduct. The latter replies that the visit was only a display of good fellowship, and the former replies that he is delighted to hear it, and that the explanation is "perfectly satisfactory." We wonder if Mexico, or Nicaragua, or Costa Rica were in the place of Great Britain whether the explanation would be deemed "perfectly satisfactory." We rather think it would constitute a "claim" which could only be obliterated by a slice of territory.

Flowers in the Editorial Path.—The path of Editors is, in general, a thorny one, but it is not altogether flowerless. It is worth tearing through the thorns to meet such tributes as the following, which comes to ourselves and our co-laborers from a reverend gentleman in Canada:

> I heartily appreciate the high-toned, unflinching Catholic spirit which pervades your highly valuable journal; it is such papers as *this* we want.

A distinguished and learned clergyman in Ireland writes thus flatteringly of the Tablet:

> It is an excellent paper, and bars the impress of great industry and ability by the extensive and well-selected articles it contains. I assure you, I see no paper that I read with so much pleasure, or from which I derive more information. It is truly Irish and Catholic. It is to us, priests, particularly interesting, furnishing as it does such copious accounts of ecclesiastical affairs. Religion has reason to rejoice at having such an able and distinguished advocate in the Western World.

The *Pacific* sails on Saturday, January 8th, 1859, for Galway.

WHAT OUR ENGLISH COUSINS THINK OF US.

While our English cousins are in extacies at Montalembert's opinion of themselves and their institutions, it may be interesting to know what these trans-Atlantic relations think of ourselves. When representatives of English diplomacy, aristocracy or snobocracy, are invited to public dinners in this country, they bestow any amount of "blarney" on ourselves, our institutions, our commercial enterprise, &c., and never fail to dilate on consanguinity, and community of religion and language. But when they write home it is in a very different strain and they endeavor to make up for their efforts to be agreeable (a terrible effort to a genuine son of Albion) by an extra dose of bitterness in their correspondence. We recommend to the attention of all our American Anglomaniacs to the following extracts from a correspondence published in a leading London journal, and emanating from a correspondent who accompanied the Governor of British Columbia in a recent tour through the Frazer River region:

THE YANKEES.

Our kind neighbors boasted publicly that the "City of Semiahmoo" would acquire "a rapid development" from its facilities for carrying on a contraband trade with the new colony, which John Bull would be too sleepy-headed, good, easy man, to put a stop to. Some, deeply read in Vattel, even doubted, or rather pretended to doubt, John's *right* to interfere. What! stop a free and independent Yankee in the exercise of trading in what, where, and with whom he pleased, subject only to the impulses of his own sovereign will and pleasure? This doctrine was enunciated partly from natural obliquity of mind, partly from a spirit of bullying, and from what is vulgarly called "trying it on," and partly for the use and edification of Bunkum. It was initiated in Washington City, and travelled, via Washington Territory, to Semiahmoo, and other kindred places. But alas for human hopes and aspirations! One of the qualifications of Mr. Douglas is that he lived among our good cousins long before he became Governor; that for years *he has had business transactions with them; and that he knows them, consequently.* "He knows them like a book," said a politician the other day in the street to another man. "Like a *book!* Yes, like a small *library*," rejoined his interlocutor. "*Lost money by them, too, at that.*" It is clear they can't come over the Governor. He'd sooner smother them with politeness. But to my tale. The well laid speculation in smuggling has been nipped in the bud. *With all his blustering and ostentatious wearing of arms (always the sign of a coward), the Yankee is, of all men, the easiest brought under the correction of the law. There have been a few cases of attempted "running," but the whiz of a rifle bullet "over the bow" has always brought the gentleman to with wonderful alacrity.*

THE YANKEE GOLD HUNTERS.

The solitude of Langley has been invaded and the company's business engagements disturbed by the intrusion of the gold hunters, who at first were very saucy. The gentleman in charge complained of the Yankees having been very intrusive, impertinent, and lawless when they first came up the river in force, and when they fancied they were beyond control of the authorities. They invaded his corn fields, ate his green peas, stole the oats, tore down the fences for firewood, and misconducted themselves in other ways. *How strange that the natural coarseness, the bad manners, and the vulgarity of these people will cling to them wherever they go! For my own part, I take this to be an illustration of the effect of bad government upon national manners and morals.* A stop must be put to these *unseemly and brutal displays of their customs* in this country.

One More.—Another sprout of Protestantism has shot forth in New Hampshire. This new manifestation numbers about fourscore adherents. They believe in community of property and disregard all laws human and divine, except those which they make themselves and which they pretend to derive from the Bible. They believe that when the "spirit" has once "moved" them they can do no wrong. They have chosen three "apostles" who are to manage the affairs of the Sect or Society. It is to be hoped that the apostles will continue to be conscientious believers in the doctrine of "community of property."

Honor to whom Honor is Due.—Our excellent Irish cotemporary, the *Meath People*, is republishing the *Confessions of an Apostate*, which was written for the Tablet by Mrs. J. Sadlier. Our Meath friend is usually careful in acknowledging such articles as he extracts from our columns. The suppression of the name of the author of the *Confessions of an Apostate*, by the *Meath People*, is therefore the more astonishing to us. Our surprise is still heightened by the fact that there is a lady in the case, and Irish Journalists have never been accused of want of gallantry.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS.

SUPERBLY BOUND AND ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Gerald Griffin's Works, 10 vols	$10 00 to	$30
Orisini's Life of the Blessed Virgin	4 50 to	12
De Ligney's Life of Christ and His Apostles	4 50 to	12
Butler's Lives of the Saints, 4 vols	5 00 to	12
Holy Bible, different sizes	1 00 to	25
MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland	2 00 to	05

*** Popular Library, 20 vols., in various bindings.

The following Prayer Books in every style of binding; Golden Manual, Way to Heaven, Garden of the Soul, Key of Heaven, Path to Paradise, Gate of Heaven, Mission Book, Raccolta, or Book of Indulgenced Prayers; Roman Missal for the Laity, Latin and English; Alter Manual, &c. Also a large stock of Catholic and Miscellaneous Publications, Rosaries, Holy Water Fonts, Statues, Crucifixes, Pictures, &c.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
164 William street, New York.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Persons Getting up Clubs.—Clubs in all cases *must* be sent to one address, unless each Subscriber pay 20 cents extra, for which we will write his name on the paper. Large Clubs of 10, 20, or 50, can have the paper sent in two or more packages directed to as many different persons, for distribution at Club prices.

☞ Agents and others will oblige us by strictly following the above rules. *We will admit of no deviation from them.*

Notice to Clubs.—We would request those Clubs, whose term of subscription expires on the 1st of January, to forward the amount of their subscription if they wish to receive their papers after the commencement of the New Year.

Waterbury, Conn.—Mr. Peter Lawler, Waterbury, Conn., has a full assortment of our books at New York prices. We cheerfully recommend Mr Lawlor to the patronage of the Catholics of Waterbury and vicinity.

Milford, Mass.—Our Milford subscribers will oblige us very much by paying their subscription to our Agent, Mr. John Read, without further notice.

Mr. James P. Nash, Galveston, Texas, has consented to act as our Agent. He will receive subscriptions for the Tablet from any part of the State. Mr. Nash has a large assortment of Catholic Books for sale.

Mr. Michael Phelan will visit Kingston, Toronto, &c., in Canada West. He has bills for all indebted to us.

Mr. John Graham is authorized to collect in any place he may visit. He will be in Chicago in a few days.

Mr. T. F. Lee, *alias* Leahy, is not authorized to collect for this paper. Our Subscribers in Massachusetts and the Eastern States will please take notice.

The New York Tablet and *Metropolitan Magazine* only Four Dollars per year, payable in advance.

The New York Tablet and *Brownson's Review* only Five Dollars per year, payable in advance.

NEW AGENTS.

Yorkville, N. Y......Michael Sheridan.
Otawa, C. W......John Henry.
Prescott, C. W......T. Kelly.
Charlottetown, N. B......John Gahan.

A New Year's Gift for Friends at Home.—Our subscribers can send their friends in Ireland no more interesting gift that a receipt for a year's subscription to the Tablet. Terms: Three dollars per annum.

Just received and for sale, Canadian Ballads and Occasional Verses, by T. D. McGee, Esq., M. P. P. 12mo., cloth, 50 cents.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
164 William street, New York.

"The Invasion," by Gerald Griffin.—This admirable Irish historical tale, from the press of Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., is now ready for delivery.

A beautiful Christmas present—Gerald Griffin's Works. Antique, $30—half-antique, $20.

DIED.

On December 4th, at his residence, Syracuse, N. Y., Patrick McGurk, aged 34 years, a native of Aughanamullin, county Monaghan, Ireland. His remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery, Syracuse. *May he rest in peace.*

On the 20th Dec, at No. 97 East 28th street, Mrs. Ellen Pierce, in the 65th year of her age. *May she rest in peace.*

☞ Montreal papers please copy.

At Seneca, Sale County, Illinois, on Saturday, Dec. 11, Mrs. Ellen Kelly, wife of Patrick Kelly, builder, late of No. 10 Usher's Island, city of Dublin.

☞ Dublin papers please copy.

LOVE COMES BUT ONCE UNTO THE HEART.

Love comes but once unto the Heart,
But once and never more,
When Youth sits by Life's bounding tide
And softly woos him o'er.
In after years a joy may come
As full of Peace and Truth;
But never more that first, wild Love
Of the palmy days of youth.

The first young flow'rs of early spring
Sleep folded thro' the night,
But 'neath the smiles of morning ope
Their red lips to the light.
Thus slept the heart, 'twixt bud and bloom,
Thro' Boyhood's April hours,
Till Love burst in upon its dreams
Like morning o'er the flow'rs.

There is a vision haunts the breast
That never will depart,
It will not die, it cannot fade,
But just as fades the heart.
How fond we fold the curtains round,
Lest other eyes might gaze
Upon our hearts, while we look on
This dream of other days.

The dove, with death within her breast,
Will rise on trembling wings,
And reach the woodlands where her mate
Upon the green bough sings.
So will the spirit journey back
Across Life's sea of tears,
With Death upon its wake, to find
It's Love of early years.

M. S.

CHICAGO.

IRISH LITERATURE AT THE ANTIPODES.

Mr. Lover had little love for Thomas Davis; but he should have reflected that, in shutting out his songs, he was not merely doing Davis an injustice, but depriving his readers of the pleasure of perusing his exquisite songs and ballads. The wail of the oppressed and broken-hearted, the chant of virtue successful, and valor triumphant in a good cause, were caught up in his honest and warm heart, and echoed in melting pathos by his tuneful muse. He swept the lyre with the bold familiarity of one whose fingers had learned their art before time had cramped his joints. There is but one song by Francis Davis (the Belfast Man), and that not one of his best. Out of his two small volumes of songs, rare and beautiful specimens could be given of his lyrical powers. Hear his—

NANNY.

Oh! for an hour when the day is breaking,
Down by the shore, when the tide is making!
Fair as a white cloud, thou, love, near me,
None but the waves and thyself to hear me:
Oh! to my breast how these arms would press thee;
Wildly my heart in its joy would bless thee;
Oh! how the soul thou hast won would woo thee,
Girl of the snow neck, closer to me!

Great injustice has been done to Mr. Davis in not giving fair and liberal selections from his writings, especially when so much English trash has been introduced, and so many indifferent songs from Irish writers.

Callanan's songs are thoroughly Irish in feeling, sentiment, and expression, and he gets fair play in this volume, except that he has been called out of his name, which was Jeremiah Joseph Callanan. There is not a single verse from Frazer (De Jean) in this volume; from his collection and writings half a dozen, at least, of first-class songs might be given. Ferguson, Mangan, Banim, Walsh and Lysaght; Carlton, Mahony, Sheridan, Wolfe and Ogle; Swift, Curran, Goldsmith and Dawson, are all here to their credit. But where are Allingham, Barry, Campion, Dermody, Downes and Keegan? and where are Simmons, Irwin, Joyce, Sullivan and Williams? The last five names would supply as large a volume as Lover's, and of quality equal to the best in his book. Where are Miss Downing (Mary), Mrs. Kevin O'Doherty (Eva), and Mrs. Wilde (Speranza), from this gathering of Irish song writers? Lady Dufferin is here, as well as her sister, Mrs. Norton, but the latter's Irish song is wanting. Here is one by her:

THE PEASANT WIFE.

Come, Patrick, clear up the storm on your brow;
You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now!
Shall the storm settle here when from Heaven it departs,
And the cold from without finds its way to our hearts?
No, Patrick, no! sure the wintriest weather
Is easily borne when we bear it together.

Tho' rain's dropping through from the roof to the floor,
And the wind whistles through where there once was a door,
Can the rains, or the snow, or the storm wash away
All the warm vows we made in our love's early day!
No, Patrick, no! sure the dark, stormy weather
Is easily borne if we bear it together.

When you stole out to woo me when labor was done,
And the day that was closing seemed to us begun—
Did we care if the sunshine was bright on the flowers,
Or if we crept out amid darkness and showers?
No, Patrick, we talked, while we braved the wild weather,
Of all we could bear, if we bore it together.

Soon, soon, will those dark, dreary days be gone by,
And our hearts be lit up with a beam from the sky!
Oh, let not our spirits, embittered with pain,
Be dead to the sunshine that came to us then;
Heart in heart, hand in hand, let us welcome the weather,
And—sunshine or storm—we will bear it together!

But we miss Mrs. Crawford's sweet ballad "Kathleen Mavourneen," and others of her Irish songs, as well as we miss Lady Morgan's "Kate Kearney," though we have Mr. Lover's parody of it in his "Blarney." We have Mrs. Downing and Mrs. Tighe. Miss Balfour, Crolly, Waller, Drennan, and O'Keeffe, but where is Gavan Duffy? Who does not know and love his "Sweet Sybil?"

Sweet Sybil! sweet Sybil! my heart is wild
With the fairy spell that her eyes have lit;
I sit in a dream where my love has smiled—
I kiss where her name is writ!
Oh! darling, I fly like a dreamy boy;
The toil that is joy to the strong and true.
The life that the brave for their land employ,
I squander in dreams of you!

The face of my Love has the changeful light
That gladdens the sparkling sky of spring;
The voice of my Love is a strange delight,
As when birds in the May-time sing.
Oh, hope of my heart! oh, light of my life!
Oh, come to me darling, with peace and rest!
Oh, come like the Summer, my own sweet wife,
To your home in my longing breast!

Harry Carey is not represented here; his "Sally in our Alley" is a capital song. With all his misfortunes, he had that of being an Irishman; but he was a most successful writer of gay songs, which were sung through the streets and theatres of England and Ireland; whilst he himself was so utterly destitute and heart-broken, that in a fit of lunacy he laid violent hands upon himself, with only one halfpenny—all he possessed in the world—found in his pocket!

There are none of D'Arcy McGee's songs in this collection, and that omission alone would forbid this ever becoming a handbook of Irish songs. For who can so well express the deep feeling, the burning passion, the bounding gaiety of the Irish heart; who so well infuse into his verse the glowing and living spirit of Irish history, so long bubbling and seething in his own mind? You may search all through the works of England's poets for any songs that are so full of fire, passion, and beauty as his verses. They are rounded, flowing, and mucical, swelling occasionally into sublimity, and frequently extorting from the very miseries of Ireland a well-spring of beauty. He possesses in a rare degree that peculiar power to melt the time and tune into native words and feelings which are part and parcel of our Irish natures. Hear him in his

IRISH WIFE.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of Saxon land—
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand.
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
In death I would be near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife!

Oh, what would be this home of mine—
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines,
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort in a mine of gold—
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the banns—
I knew my King abhorred her race—
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—
Take nightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night;
And twin-like truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white:
My Irish wife has golden hair—
Apollo's harp had once such strings—
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ART OF SUFFERING.

[*Translated from the French of* J. T. DE SAINT GERMAIN *for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

For the honor of humanity, for the triumph of morality, the solemn voice of the magistrate, the avant-courier of divine justice has often branded the possessors of impure and ill-gotten wealth, and, pursuing them beyond the tomb, has inflicted on their memory the cruel punishment of contempt:

"Whether he who dies leaves after him a modest inheritance, or millions to be divided among his heirs, the memory of his virtues or his failings outlives him, and we must pronounce on the man who has quitted this world the moral judgment which honors or disgraces him. . .

"God whispered in their ears, as He does to all those to whom He gives intelligence, to give them their mission, and He said to them: 'What shall be the aim of your labors on earth? Gold, power, the dreams of ambition, the calm joy of family affection, the power of doing good, the gratitude of your fellow-men, the blessings of the poor?' And they answered: 'GOLD, gold, ever and always, gold! What signify all other possessions? Gold is evil, gold is goodness, gold is God, gold is everything.' Their wish was gratified.

". . . There are no pious remembrances about their graves, no prayers for their souls, no honor for their memories. They had faith in GOLD alone, and believed not in the soul. They found only what they sought; they received only what they asked; they reaped only what they had sown; it is the law. Let us bow before God's justice."

After the *smart*, who seek wealth through speculation, not through useful and productive labor, but through the misfortune of the weak, come gold-seekers of another kind, who have undertaken to modify human destiny and to rebuild on its ruins the eternal monument of universal felicity.

"It is a common yet astonishing thing," says Montaigne, "that men still unsatisfied with the infirmities inseparable from their condition, find themselves circumscribed in the already so vast circle of their miseries and seem to have made it their task to increase its limits, by all the resources which they seem to vie with each other in drawing from the licentiousness of their imagination."

The natural fear inspired by an exaggerated spirit of change often has the effect of stopping and even retrograding that progress towards which the innovators aspire. A noble and generous outcry has protected society from the violence of these invaders. At the critical moment, every one brought a stone to strengthen the social rampart. But let us turn from these fatal errors; I would rather have passed over in silence these aberrations of the human mind. It is not the province of a priest to join in the empty clamor of the world; his words should only be those of clemency and pardon. But it is well and useful to know that reason and common sense keep watch and remain upon the breach to combat the genius of evil; for there is a power with which we must be always ready to cope: *the power of evil*; the force of poison. A drop of venom instantaneously penetrates into the organization and causes such a general disarrangement that most salutary antidotes long remain powerless. The mortal venom of a doctrine may be resumed in three words: *Enjoy, hate* and *contemn*. The doctrine of Christianity, that divine antidote, can also be resumed in three words: *Abstain, love, respect*. Let us not accuse, therefore, those who are deluded, and who are dragged outside the social family, but those men who pour out for them the poison of envy, hate and contempt. Of these gold-seekers it was that the following has been said: "All they would destroy, I would preserve; all they would subvert, I would maintain; all they deny, I believe; all they blaspheme, I adore!"*

It seems as if one of the greatest orators of the eighteenth century intended to denounce them to the coming generations in this prophetic malediction:

"Admit their maxims, and the universe falls back into fearful chaos, and all is confounded on earth, and all ideas of vice and virtue are subverted, and the most inviolable laws of society disappear, and discipline of manners perished, and the government of States and Empires has no rule, and all the harmony of body politic falls to pieces, and the human race is but a mob of madmen, of savages, of hypocrites, of perverted natures, who know no law but force, no restraint but their passions and the fear of authority, no bond of union but irreligion and independence, no gods but themselves. This is the world of the impious; and if this plan of republic suits you, form, if you can, a society with these monsters. All that remains for us to say is that you are worthy of a place among them."†

Besides those who seek wealth in idleness, vice and crime, there are still other gold-seekers; these, at least, in hastening to their doom, do not lacerate the bosom of their mother country, and are often worthy of pity. The malcontents who protest against the yoke of destiny, who cannot see the wealth of others without envy and resentment, quit their country and tear asunder the dearest ties, not to fertilize a new land by cultivation, or procure, by useful industry, the bread and the repose of each day, but to hunt for gold; not to serve and adore God on a foreign soil, but to worship gold. "And they made unto themselves a molten calf, and have adored it." Alas! they meet other and greater misfortunes in their rugged and toilsome path.

When the land is no longer fruitful, when the breast of the mother-nurse is dried up, it is a touching sight to see a numerous family weeping as they sell the little plot, now insufficient for their necessities, gathering up their strength and courage, kissing for the last time the soil that nursed them, and going, under the invocation of God, to ask from a vaster and more generous soil their daily bread in exchange for their labor.

But if covetousness and envy break the bonds of affection, disperse families, obliterate the glorious memories and the affections of fatherland, to rake the depths of the earth, to drag from the hard rock the rare golden vein, it is to be dreaded that malediction and despair will be the lot of the deserters, and the miseries they went so far to seek will not be consoled by the consciousness of duties accomplished. Their bones will be the first layer that will make fertile in the future an ingrate and sterile soil. Whatever may be the vices and crimes of men the ways of God are immutable, and he who goes forth to meet misfortune for selfish and personal ends is ever the mysterious instrument of the providential decrees.

(To be continued.)

* Louis Veuillot, Editor of the Paris *Univers*.

† Massillon.

PROGRESS OF THE JUBILEE.

FORDHAM, December 18, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

Dear Sir:—The Jubilee opened here on last Sunday evening with solemn Vespers, and a discourse suited to the occasion by Father Graves, S. J. A prouder testimony of its working could not be produced than the thousands who have availed themselves of this extraordinary opportunity to return to their Christian duties, and have given consoling evidence of their deep regret for past neglect. Every facility has been offered by our esteemed pastor, the Rev. Dr. Morrogh, to render entire satisfaction. Not only has he, together with the other clergymen of St. Joseph's Seminary, confined himself to the arduous duties of the Confessional, but he has likewise favored us with specimens of the best pulpit eloquence that these climes afford. It is sufficient merely to mention that on Tuesday evening, Rev. Mr. Farrelly, of Manhattanville, delivered an impressive discourse on "Judgment," and, on Friday evening, we listened to an admirable discourse by Father McGovern, of Brooklyn, on the "Inconsistency of Christians in the Affairs of Salvation."

New York City saw the day when St. John's College was the only Catholic house within Fordham's bounds. But far happier is her lot at the present hour. Now she beholds an estimable and learned pastor, one of the brightest ornaments of the American priesthood.

To the Catholic people of Fordham, Dr. Morrogh is closely endeared as well by the sterling qualities of his head and heart, as by his fidelity in watching over their eternal interests. Under him everything Catholic has imbibed new life and vigor. We, Mr. Editor, are enjoying the benefits of his fostering care. Like our children, the parish of Fordham is as yet in the days of its youth, but let us hope that the same benign influence which presided at its birth will ere long witness the bloom and maturity of its manhood.

JUSTITIA.

PIANO FORTES.

We take pleasure in directing the attention of those of our readers, desirous of purchasing a Piano, to the advertisement of Mr. Lynch, in another column. In articles of this kind, much dependence has to be placed on the reputation of the manufacturer. To those who do not know Mr. Lynch, we would say that the fullest confidence may be placed in his representations. Mr. L. has many testimonials of the superiority of his Pianos from individuals and institutions in this country. The following extract of a letter from the Sister Superior of a Convent in Ireland explains itself:

SIENNA CONVENT, Drogheda, Ireland,
June 26th, 1858.

SIR:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter, and with regard to your inquiries relative to the merits of the Piano made by you, and sent from Mr. J. D. ——, Brooklyn, to his niece, Miss B——, our pupil, I have much pleasure in stating that the Instrument has given universal satisfaction to all who have seen and heard it. The beauty and finish of the workmanship added much value to its *fine tone*, which some preferred to that of any made in this country. The *tone* improved daily up to the time of its being removed from the Convent, when Miss B—— left school. Whilst the Piano remained here it was an object of curiosity and admiration to all visitors.

I am, Sir, sincerely yours in Christ,
SISTER M. V. RUSSELL.

Should any of our friends wish to buy a Piano we would advise them, before purchasing, to call at the Wareroom of Mr. PATRICK LYNCH, No. 927 Broadway, New York.

Letter of Rev. Dr. Cahill.

The murder of Mr. Ely, of the Queen's County, and the attempted murder of the Rev. Mr. Nixon, of Gweedore, have sent a shock of horror through the entire social frame of Ireland. The blood of these two gentlemen, suddenly spilled by the hand of the assassin, has imprinted a scarlet stain on the soil of our country, cries to Heaven for vengeance, and cannot be effaced till justice shall have been appeased in the punishment of the fiendish murderers. The long absence of such atrocious crime from Ireland had imparted such security to the public mind, that the terror of these two assassinations has fallen on the entire population with unexampled fear and indignation; and men of all classes unite in offering their heartfelt sympathies to the suffering or bereaved families of the individuals who have been made the victims of these cold-blooded and thrilling outrages.

In the midst of this public feeling of execration, shared of course by the entire Catholic community, expressed by the highest ecclesiastics of our Church, and denounced in words of fire by the eloquent Vicar-General of the diocese where I write this letter, who could imagine that the sanguinary portion of the English and Irish press could inflict on the living priesthood of Ireland an undeserved vengeance of the same class of rentless malice as the ruthless outrages under consideration. The men who could pen these articles are the greatest enemies to the peace and the prosperity of the nation, since they attempt, as far as they can, to awaken Orange fury, to belie our very thoughts, to spit in the face of the whole Church and people, and to lash into opposition the old party struggles of Ireland. The ferocity of these articles, so false, so malignant, is, of course, a faithful exponent of the inappeasable feelings of the subscribers and the readers of these journals; and they should serve as a rigid argument, and a significant warning to the government of the country, that notwithstanding all the professions of liberality which we daily hear from the lips of our dissenting fellow-countrymen, there is unfortunately at the bottom of these hollow external forms an internal animosity, ready at any moment to re-enact the scenes of Cromwell, or to repeat the terrors of '98. What must be the intensity of that pent-up rage, which, in times of our unquestioned loyalty, our respect for the laws, our *sincere sympathies* for the recent victims of outrage, we are assailed by a storm of vituperation and malice; and menaced with a revenge which has no parallel except in the treachery of Cawnpore.

And what a farce to introduce a comparison between England and Ireland in the thrilling statistics of awful murder. There they have murders every month, every week, every day; here we have these terrific crimes only in certain seasons. The English assassin slays his victim for a sovereign, a shilling, an old coat, a pint of ale; he is always a robber in his murders. He kills, too, in cold blood, without the palliation of revenge or even excited feelings; and he kills indiscriminately his neighbor, his son, his wife, his father, his mother, his grandfather and his grandmother. He kills from his debased instincts; and drinks blood like a tiger, not only to satisfy his hunger, but to allay his thirst. He kills his victim with less feeling than an Irishman would take the life of a dog or a cat. And he is always detected. It is a daily, social occurrence; and he becomes as careless in his criminal actions as his daily employment. He scarcely makes even any scheme of escape; and being an infidel in religion he has no fear of death or judgment. All this is a proof how the finest nation in the world, and the most noble-hearted natures can be sunk without religion into the lowest depths of brutality, turpitude and crime.

An Irish murderer generally is of a different stamp. He kills under the influence of a real or a supposed injury: when his feelings are worked into phrenzy by the approach of the bailiff, the extermination from his little holding, the unhousing of his wife and children, the fear of sickness in the town cellar, or the terror of being for ever buried alive in the poorhouse. And the crime is so great, so awful in his mind, and it awakens such fear of the consequence, that his plans are taken with caution. If he act alone, and have no accomplices, there is scarcely a chance of his detection. These deplorable assassinations are almost always executed where landlord and tenant come into unhappy collision in Ireland; and the Legislature which delays the settlement of this vital question are the true enemies and the real Ribbonmen of the country. One cruel landlord who, without cause, exterminates the people, brings odium on the entire class of proprietors; and it is a pity that there is no law extant by which he could be made amenable for the bad feeling which he creates. Such men are for a great part the indirect source of all the misfortunes of Ireland; they have the power of expelling the people by the laws of the land; and they enforce their power by a sectarian severity which excites an inappeasable revenge. These men are very flippant in quoting the laws of the land for their legal conduct, but they never allude to the law of God, which forbids them, under pain of eternal death, to cause, either from whim, malice, or bigotry, the death of one human being.

When all the world knows the lessons, the instructions which the priest incessantly gives to the people, of forbearance to their superiors, of obedience to the laws, of loyalty to the reigning monarch, how painful to read in the sectarian journals that the priests neglect their duties, connive at public crime, and do not exert their influence to detect the assassin. To this fiendish statement of these journals, it might be asked, why do not the English clergy put a stop to men killing their wives, their parents, their children; why do not these clergymen prevent young women from drowning their new-born offspring in sewers and water-barrels, and roasting them in ovens? Why do they not close the obscenities of the Haymarket? call the working classes to worship on Sundays, and abate the pollution of London, which even surpasses the infamy of Babylon and the unnatural crimes of the ancient cities of Judea? These are questions which can give a just reply to the ribald jests and the malicious statements of these enemies of the peace of the empire.

The foreigner cannot understand why the people, in general, cannot be prevailed on in Ireland to join in the pursuit of the assassin. But although the whole Catholic Church should resolve itself into a Police Establishment in this country, and convert the curates into a detective force, we could not induce the masses to join in the hue and cry against these agrarian outrages. When it is recollected that within ten years (according to the government report) *seventy-five cabins in every hundred of the poor* were levelled; that upwards of two millions of the population were thus exterminated or unhoused, or driven to the poorhouse, or died of famine, or emigrated, is it to be expected that the descendants, the relatives of these martyred children of Ireland, will expose themselves to the bullet of the assassin and his associates, in order to seek out justice and revenge for one of a class which has depopulated Ireland, and filled the nation with the lamentations of the widow and the orphan? But, above all, when it is remembered that this class employ hired maligners to go through the kingdom reviling our holy religion, calling our fathers perjurers, idolators, murderers; steeling the hearts of the bench, the jury box, the magistrates' office against the poor, can it be expected that these victims of legal injustice are at a nod from the authority which robbed and starved and belied them, to run like hungry dogs from a kennel on the scent of the villain, who has been driven mad by their own crime, to stain his hands in their blood? There is only one answer to be given on all these points—namely, the Protestant Establishment has steeled the hearts of the people by their lies and persecutions; and *some* of the landlords have awakened revenge by their heartless cruelties; and until the law interferes to give confidence to the people, it is vain to check the occasional vengeance of the wicked.

In conclusion, I shall state that although I visit almost every county in Ireland, I am not aware of any *Ribbon Society* being organized in the country. I am, on the contrary, perfectly prepared to say that *there is no such Society*. There may be some few persons leagued on some collateral subject, but most decidedly there is no Ribbon confederacy. And in my next letter to the *Catholic Telegraph* I shall warn these few misguided men to abandon their illegal combination, which is a crime against man and a sin before God.

D. W. C.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

[*From the Nation.*]

The near approach of an European war is universally admitted; it is seen, it is almost *felt* in every country in Europe. The first explosion, when it comes, will startle no one; every one is expecting it; the talk every day is of invasions and defences, of fleets and armies, of rifles and bayonets, of volunteering and impressment, of popular outbursts, of wild endeavors for the attainment of liberty long denied, of stern repressions, the work of hoary tyrannies; of despotisms crushed to atoms, and of nations new born to freedom. There are few who dream, and none who more than dream, of years of peace stretching away from these days into the distance. A calm there will be, but first the storm.

In France there is a powerful government, and a large and most efficient army, and there exist such circumstances as lead all men to believe that things cannot remain as they are. The warlike energies of the nation are compressed into a compass so small that one man holds the terrible concentration like a bomb-shell in his hands. It will burst, whether in his own face or at a distance from him, he has to choose, but choose he must. In Italy the first rumblings of the storm are already heard; trifling they may seem, but the wisest in the land do not make light of them.

A time of trouble is most certainly approaching. There is not a people in Europe suffering the pains and indignities of a foreign sway, who can by any possibility be persuaded that they are bound to endure them; there is not a nation in Europe which has been robbed of its liberties, who will believe that it can be wrong to endeavor to regain them. Tyrants may blasphemously pretend that they are sent by Heaven to rule the people they oppress, and may plead their success as proof, but if success confer a right and a sanctification, then the people have but to win in order to be right and to have authority, and they cannot win unless they try to win. Tyrants, no doubt, are sent by Heaven, so are their enemies; sickness is sent by Heaven, yet we are at liberty to avoid it while we can, and cure it as soon as we are able; everything comes from Heaven, but even a flower where it is not wanted becomes a weed and is plucked up accordingly. Many evil things are sent, for our punishment, but we are left free to remove them, nay more, kind Heaven in most cases furnishes us with the means of so doing, and gives us with the bane the antidote.

We have no sympathy with Russian tyranny over Poland, or Austrian tyranny over Italy, nor shall we, if some one of these days we learn that either has been overthrown, by honorable men and in an honorable manner, feel that any right has been violated or any decree of Heaven trenched upon. We shall, on the contrary, feel that it is such a decree that has been carried out. There is only one power in Italy for which we have occasion to feel any particular concern. That is a power against which honorable men can never war, and honorable means will never be employed. Its right is higher, purer, and older than that of any power in the world, and that power, no matter how the storm may be directed against it, no matter how the workers of evil may assail it, shall be maintained. Its position is peculiar. Most governments have to deal only with their own subjects, and if those subjects are properly treated the government is secure; but that to which we allude has no such guarantee of safety. From the very ends of the earth wicked men are continually plotting and acting against it, and its subjects are being every day incited by foreign enemies to hatred and revolt. Its territory is small, so small that the wealth of its foes and the number of evil characters they are able to deport on its soil, may any day prove too strong for its own resources, but the Christian world is concerned in that matter, and, should it become necessary, will attend to it. A godless rabble, the very dregs of the surrounding nations, the scrapings up of the foulest corners of the world may some day be concentrated against it, but weak, small, and unpretending though it is, they will not effect its ruin, for Christendom says, it shall stand. That is the ancient, rightful, national, and paternal government of the Pope.

PATRICK HENRY.

Very little is known of the most eloquent orator of our revolutionary history, one who derived all his power from original genius and the study of nature and men, and had no acquaintance with books. The following sketch of his character and habits Mr. Webster received from Mr. Jefferson, and is found in the recently published volumes of Mr. Webster's correspondence:

"Patrick Henry was originally a bar-keeper. He was married very young, and going into some business was a bankrupt before the year was out. When I was about the age of fifteen, I left the school here to go to the college at Williamsburg. I stopped a few days at a friend's in the county of Louisa. There I first saw and became acquainted with Patrick Henry. Having spent the Christmas holidays there, I proceeded to Williamsburg. Some questions arose about my admission, as my preparatory studies had not been pursued at the school connected with that institution. This delayed my admission about a fortnight, at which time Henry appeared in Williamsburg, and applied for a license to practice law, having commenced the study of it at or subsequently to the time of my meeting him in Louisa. There were four examiners—Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph, and John Randoph. Wythe and Pendleton at once rejected his application. The two Randolphs, by his importunity, were prevailed upon to sign the license; and having obtained their signatures, he applied again to Pendleton, and after much entreaty and many promises of future study, succeeded in obtaining his. He then turned out for a practicing lawyer. The first case which brought him into notice was a contested election, in which he appeared as counsel before the committee of the House of Burgesses. His second was the Parsons case, already well known. These and similar efforts soon obtained for him so much reputation that he was elected a member of the legislature. He was as well suited to the times as any man ever was, and it is not now easy to say what we should have done without Patrick Henry. He was far before all in maintaining the spirit of the Revolution. His influence was most extensive with the members from the upper counties, and his boldness and their votes overawed and controlled the more cool or the more timid aristocratic gentlemen of the lower part of the State. His eloquence was peculiar, if indeed it could be called eloquence, for it was impressive and sublime beyond what can be imagined. Although it was difficult, when he had spoken, to tell what he had said, yet, while he was speaking, it always seemed directly to the point. When he had spoken in opposition to my opinion—had produced a great effect, and I, myself, been delighted and moved, I have asked myself, when he ceased, 'What has he said?' I could never answer the inquiry. His person was of full size, and his manner and voice free and manly. His utterance was neither very fast nor very slow. His speeches generally short—from a quarter to half an hour. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious, but it was forgotten while speaking.

"He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort; he read nothing, and had no books. Returning one November from Albemarble court, he borrowed of me Hume's Essays, in two volumes, saying he should have leisure in the winter for reading. In the spring he returned them, and declared he had not been able to go further than twenty or thirty pages, in the first volume. He wrote almost nothing—he could not write. The resolutions of '75, which have been ascribed to him, have by many been supposed to have been written by Mr. Johnson, who acted as his second on that occasion; but if they were written by Henry himself, they were not such as to prove any power of comparison. Neither in politics nor in his profession was he a man. His biographer says that he read Plutarch every year. I doubt whether he ever read a volume of it in his life. His temper was excellent, and he generally observed decorum in debate. On one or two occasions I have seen him angry, and his anger was terrible; those who witnessed it were not disposed to rouse it again. In his opinions he was yielding and practicable, and not disposed to differ from his friends. In private conversation he was agreeable and facetious, and, while in genteel society, appeared to understand all the decencies and proprieties of it; but, in his heart, he preferred low society, and sought it as often as possible. He would hunt in the pine woods of Fluvanna, with overseers, and people of that description, living in a camp for a fortnight at a time without a change of raiment. I have often been astonished at his command of proper language; how he obtained a knowledge of it, I never could find out, as he read so little and conversed little with educated men.

"After all, it must be allowed that he was our leader in the measure of the Revolution in Virginia. In that respect more was due to him than any other person. If we had not had him we should probably have got on pretty well, as you did, by a number of men of nearly equal talents, but he left us all far behind."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

Bishop Spalding's Lecture at Indianapolis, Indiana.—The largest audience that has attended any lecture this season greeted the Bishop of Louisville at Masonic Hall, in this city. The lecturer traced the rise and progress of Mohammedanism, under the Crescent, its banner and type, and its struggles with the Cross, the emblem of Christianity and civilization, dividing it into three epochs or periods. The first period embraced the early history of the imposter, and the gradual spread of his creed. By calling around him the scum of humanity and appealing to their baser passions, he had gathered an army which finally overran Syria, Palestine, Constantinople, Egypt, and ultimately Spain. The second period embraced the Crusades, the lecturer defending these religious wars, so little understood either in their nature or results, and throwing a flood of light upon this portion of the world's history. The third period was from the fourteenth century, when a new life was breathed into the decaying Crescent by the Turks under Osmon, and was met and resisted in Europe by the Knights of Rhodes or Malta, by the Poles, the Spaniards, &c. The conclusion was a glowing eulogium on the Christian soldiers—the soldiers of the Cross, who had met and beat back the tides of barbarism, despotism, and imposture, and coming down to our own time, contrasting our condition with what it would be under the rule of Joe Smith, with polygamy and its attendant slavery, crimes and vices. Bishop Spalding is a fine orator, and the mass of historical matter that he has condensed into one brief lecture, forms the most magnificent panorama of the world's great events that we ever saw pass in review in the same space of time. The citizens of Indianapolis were promised a rich intellectual treat, and they certainly received it. —*Indiana State Sentinel.*

Dedication of a Catholic Church.—Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, lately dedicated a new Catholic Church in New Albany, Indiana. The structure is a beautiful specimen of architecture, built in the Byzantine style. The main building is 100 feet long, and with the chancel and steeple 120 feet. The steeple is 160 feet high. The foundation and brick work of the church are of excellent material. Inside of the church we are struck with admiration by the majestically crowned arches of the three aisles and the two columns, and excellent plastering of which was done by Mr. James Gibson. Three stained glass windows in the middle chancel give a splendid view of the whole. We are also told by Rev. Mr. Faller, the pastor of the church, that unforeseen circumstances prevented the finishing of all the pews, as also the painting of the church. If these and the plastering were done, and the three contemplated altars, the chief ornaments of the church, were in it, we do not think that any church in Indiana could surpass it in beauty and solidity of architecture.—*Exchange paper.*

Death of the Rev. Mr. Dillon, of Peoria.—Our readers will regret to learn the announcement of the death of the Rev. Matthew Dillon, who died on Thursday, 16th December, at Peoria. He was for so long a time connected with the Catholic Church in Chicago that he was generally known to most of our citizens, and as generally beloved. While here he was at different times President of the University, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, and also Pastor of the Church of the Holy Name. He was a man of gentle manners, great simplicity of heart, and a most exemplary Christian. His death will be universally mourned by those who had the good fortune to be intimate with him in life.—*Chicago Times.*

New Church at Faribault, Minn.—A correspondent writing from the above place says: "We have a spacious Church under way here, the walls are of stone, and are finished. The whole will soon be ready for divine service. The Church is under the charge of the Rev. George Keller. The Catholics of Faribault are greatly indebted to the liberality of Mr. Alexander Faribault, who has given three thousand dollars towards the erection of our Church."

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

A nice specimen of a Minister.—Why he married, whom he married and how he thought to have the control of his wife's money.—His talent for blasphemy.—How soon after marriage the parson showed the cloven foot.—His wife leaves him.—He begs her to come back to her "drooping flower."—The verdict of the Matrimonial Causes Court.—The parson guilty of legal cruelty.—His dearest occupation gone.—More brutality to women. Another phase of brutality. "No popery" in the Isle of Man.—A small nut for Montalembert.—Refuses pardon, &c.

LONDON, 3d December, 1858.

The public has been edified during the past week by the reports published at length in the city journals of the testimony given in the case of Marchmont *versus* Marchmont. The respondent in this case is a dissenting minister and the appellant his second wife, who sued for a divorce on the ground of cruelty. The petitioner, before she had the misfortune to become the Rev. Mrs. Marchmont, was the widow of a rich hotel-keeper named Lockett, who left his inconsolable relict something to the tune of £50,000. The Rev. Mr. Marchmont became acquainted with the rich and interesting though rather ripe widow—she was over fifty years old at the time—and contemning all the precepts of the sage Weller, pretended to fall in love with her and wrote her epistles in which blasphemy formed the most prominent feature. Among those was one which he wrote before their marriage in which he bound himself never to interfere in the disposition of his Dulcinea's property, and called down in the most impious manner the wrath of heaven on him if he should violate the promises therein made. This letter was, of course, written only to blind the old lady, for, notwithstanding its terrible asseverations it was not legally worth a straw, and this, the Rev. Henry Marchmont very well knew. I forgot to state that the Rev. Henry, when he fell in love with this widow on the shady side of fifty, was only thirty-five years of age; so that we may easily judge from what motives the warmth of his affection emanated. He was a widower, had several children, and was preacher to a dissenting congregation at Islington. Mrs. Lockett is a Catholic. On his examination the Rev. Henry stated, that it was agreed that he should give up his church on the marriage, and Mrs. Lockett promised to build another one for him. Mrs. Lockett was not young enough to be taken in by the Rev. Henry's blasphemous renunciation of all she possessed, so she consulted her attorney and had a proper instrument drawn up in legal form. That his being thus foiled in his designs on the widow's fortune was the cause of his subsequent cruelty is evident, for the marriage had scarcely taken place when he began to use most shameful language towards her. On several occasions she left the house, and the Rev. Henry would then pray her in the most abject manner to return, stating that her "drooping flower" (himself) entreated her with a broken heart to return, that "she was more fondly loved than ever." To those entreaties, on one or two occasions, Mrs. Marchmont acceded, till at last, disgusted with her "drooping flower," she left him altogether and applied for a divorce. The Rev. Henry, on his examination, seemed to have wonderfully changed his mind with regard to Mrs. M. She was cross, vulgar, blasphemous and addicted to sherry. Even before her marriage with him, he said, she sherried considerably, yet from his letters to her at that time, the sherry did not produce the effect of cold water on his love. Take him for all in all there never existed a meaner, more heartless, or more pitiful scamp than this same Rev. Henry Marchmont. He thoroughly disgusted the Court and the Jury, and the latter gave a decision in favor of the wife. This completely banishes the Rev. Henry's occupation. A reverend found guilty of cruelty to his wife—especially if he is judicially prevented from marrying again—must necessarily be excluded from the tea-tables of pious spinsters, and any designs on their purses are therefore completely out of the question.

More wife and woman-beating again this week. An aggravated case occurred at the Clerkenwell Police Court. A poor woman who had long borne her husband's cruelty, and who had pardoned his severe assaults several times, was obliged at last to have recourse to the law for protection. The wife-beating wretch paid no attention to the summons, and was, consequently, arrested on a warrant. When he was brought to the police-court and saw his wife there, he flew at her, caught her by the hair, and beat her savagely about the head. It was with much difficulty that his hold of his poor sickly wife's hair could be loosened. He was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in the House of Correction and hard labor. That it was not half enough was shown by the prisoner's declaring, when he was being removed, that he would do something for his wife when he came out.

A private in the Grenadier Guards has disgraced the uniform he wears by a most brutal and unprovoked assault on an old woman aged seventy. This wretch, whom I will not call a soldier, was sitting in a tavern with some others when the poor woman, who sold shoe-laces and songs, came in and asked him if he would buy a song. Without any provocation, the brute struck her on the chest and knocked her down, kicked her when she attempted to rise and hit her with his belt. As she ran out, he followed her, striking her on the head with his stick and declaring that if he had a knife he would cut her head off. If some special law is not passed against cruelty to women as against cruelty to animals, wife and woman-beating will become so customary in this city that Londoners will cease to look upon it as a crime.

We have also had an exhibition of brutality in another shape—that of the peculiarly English institution, the prize-fight—in which one of the principals was beaten to death by his adversary. Yet we would imagine, if we were to attach any credit to the leaders in the *Times*, that we are in a country which heads the vanguard itself of civilization.

The "no-popery" demon has been conjured up in the Isle of Man. Orangeism is of course the head and front of the excitement. Fearing an attack on his church, the Catholic clergyman at Douglas wrote privately to the High-Constable demanding protection. This private letter was subsequently read in a public meeting by a minister of one of the Protestant sects, (how the High-Constable's private correspondence came into his hands is strange,) for the purpose of exciting the anti-Catholic prejudices. To complete the work, a threatening notice, signed "Molly Maguire," was forged by the Orange party and publicly read and exhibited. The end of all this was that the windows of the Catholic Church were broken, and the houses of Catholic citizens attacked. The High-Constable looked on all this with complacency and not a single arrest has been made. What an exemplification of the religious freedom of this land so be-praised by Montalembert.

As the Count's name has slipped under my pen, I may say that he refuses the pardon granted him by the Emperor on the occasion of the anniversary of the 2d December, the date of the Coup d'Etat, and protests that no power in France has the right to pardon any one until a final decision has been given by the highest Court. A movement is on foot in the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford to subscribe the amount of the Count's fine, but I understand that the Count is entirely opposed to the idea of any subscription being taken up on his account.

W.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, December 24th, 1858.

In my last letter for the TABLET, I noticed the arrival here of a number of *distinguished* politicians from New York, who came to regulate the affairs of the nation in general, and of the Empire City and State in particular. Tammany Hall had its full quota to represent it, among whom were the "Old War Horse," Elijah F. Purdy; our friend "Tom of the Pewter Mug;" the great defunct Fanny Wright Purser, and the *slipperiest* of all the slippery 'uns of Gotham, "Slippery Dick" himself, in green broadcloth. There were other lesser lights belonging to the old wigwam, whom it is hardly necessary to name. Were we to credit what those oracles of New York Democracy (query, what is that?) say, the "talk" they had with the grand sachem of the "White House" has had the happy result of bringing about the millennium between the *lambs* of Tammany and the lion's of Fernando Wood's great menagerie of "Regulators." But, let me tell your readers, that notwithstanding the articles of agreement are said to have been signed, sealed and delivered, and deposited in the archives of the Presidential mansion, there are Southern Senators who doubt the report, and will never believe that a cordial understanding can occur between the Hard Shell Democracy, and the followers of Martin Van Buren, who stand upon the Buffalo platform. Mr. Schell, I believe, is disposed to harmonize both wings of the party in order to please the President whose honest and undistinguished friend he is, but Mr. Schell will hardly allow himself to be made the catspaw of the caucus cliques. The President is fully aware that among all the government appointments in New York, the Collector is the only one upon whom he can rely with any degree of certainty for support, and yet, some of those who came here this week to control Administration matters are known at the "White House" to be secretly in the interest of other public men, who are in opposition to the President's Kansas policy. But the time has not yet come for lifting the veil that covers the hypocrisy of such charlatans.

The House of Representatives, to the surprise of everybody, laid upon its table the report of its committee on contested elections in the case of William Pinckney Whyte against the right of the Hon. J. Morrison Harris from the Third Congressional district of Maryland. When Mr. Harris was elected the Know-Nothings controlled the polls, and would not allow either native or naturalized citizens to vote, but drove them by brute force away, and by this high-handed system of outrage, Mr. Harris obtained his seat. The report of the committee No. 538 is full and clear on this subject, and should have been at once acted on, but strange to say ten Democratic members, uniting with the Republicans and Know-Nothings, tabled it last Monday, and thus fraud, violence and villany of the worst stamp have been endorsed by the House of Representatives.

The Jews, in the person of a certain Captain Levi, have addressed the Secretary of State another note, asking for his interference with the authorities of Rome in the Mortara case. General Cass, as in duty bound, contends that this Government has no right to meddle with the local laws and institutions of an independent sovereignty, and refers the petitioners to his former letter, on the same subject. But Mr. Cass, while disavowing all control of the matter as Premier to Uncle Sam, lets his pent-up abhorrence of the "abduction" of young Mortara escape him as a *private* individual. This is, certainly, magnanimous on his part, and will win for the octogenarian statesman as much applause from foul-mouthed fanaticism as he received for his Senatorial lucubrations some years ago on the subject of the Madai calumny. Some excuse, however, must be made for General Cass, since his hopes of reaching the Presidential chair have died out, and whether he fights or flatters the Catholics, he knows they cannot, if they would, help him to reach the goal of a threadbare ambition. I have been always a friend of General Cass, but his weak points lie in too great a readiness on his par tto fling a Parthian arrow at the Pope. This is the rock on which he has split his hopes for higher honors than he enjoys, and it is on this same rock the hopes and expectations of others, like him, will also founder.

Another worthy Irish adopted citizen—Thomas Thornly, Esq., Warden of the Penitentiary in this district, has been superseded by C. P. Surgstock, whose nomination has been sent to the Senate for confirmation. Those who know the qualifications of the new appointee say that he is totally unfit for the place, both physically, being quite deaf or nearly so, and mentally, exceptions having been taken to the character of his reports, when formerly Warden of the same, for their want of grammatical accuracy and perspicuousness of composition. However, things of this kind are no barriers to such appointments, when they are supported by the Masonic Pillars of JACHIN and BOAZ, accompanied by the sign, grip and passwords of the brotherhood. These are the open Sessame to office, qualifications and merit, or even long years of personal and political attachment to the head of the government, are only of secondary or no account.

The Rev. Father Boyle, of St. Patrick's, officiated in cassock and surplice, yesterday, in the Senate. He read the Universal Prayer from the Missal in strong and sonorous tones, which evidently gave great satisfaction to the Senate and gallaries. He went there on the invitation of the Vice President.

SIGMA.

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Fancy Cassimere Pants	2	to	6
Black Cloth, Doeskin, and Cassimere Pants	2	to	6
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Plain Black Cloth Overcoats	5	to	15
Fine French Beaver Overcoats	15	to	20
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WINES, LIQUORS, &c.—John J. Staff, of 369 Broadway, has always on hand a superior stock of Wines, Liquors, Ale, Porter, &c.

HON. JOHN KELLY'S CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—We spoke of the Fourth Congressional district, last week, as being without a representative in Congress, in consequence of the withdrawal of the Hon. John Kelly, and proposed a candidate for the special election in January. Since that time, great mass meetings of gentlemen, ladies, and even children, have been held in one of the wards, to ratify our nomination, and sustain the manufacturing interests of the district. It was decided that the systematic man of business would make a systematic officer, and that he who was upright in his financial dealings would be honest as a representative. All their resolutions pointed to No. 230 Bowery, as the establishment of a gentleman who is ever laboring to improve the *understandings* of the people, and uses his *awl* to place men, women and children on a proper *footing*. In fact, these mass meetings were held at 230 Bowery, and Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY was elected "Boot and Shoe merchant to the Fourth district, for the year 1859." Such an election is more pleasing to a quiet citizen like him, than half a dozen seats in Congress would be. In short, Mr. McC. will continue to work for the *people's* interest, in the way of boots, shoes, gaiters, ties, slippers, &c., for ladies, gents and children, until 1860, after which he will not object to serving the people in Congress.

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ALLEGRO VIVACE.

I'm a mer - ry, mer - ry moun - tain maid, Roam - ing gai - ly through the glade,— 'Neath the pine trees— by the stream,

p

Life's to me a hap - py dream; - Sweet notes from the wood - land sound, Gol - den sun - beams

f Ped. ✻*Ped.* ✻ *p*

fall a - round, Play - ful breez - es, as I go, Through my wav - ing tres - ses blow; In my heart the

decres. *mf* *decres.* *p*

sun-beams play, Light as air I take my way, Sing - ing as I trip a - long My mer - ry mer - ry moun - tain song,

rit. *rit.*

sf

dolce

a tempo. Sing - ing, sing - ing— my mer - ry, mer - ry moun - tain song; *Cres.* Sing - ing— sing - ing— my

a tempo. *Cres.*

più animato. *Cres.* *f*

mer - ry, mer - ry moun - tain song My mer - ry, mer - ry moun-tain song, My mer - ry mer - ry moun - tain song.

Cres. *sf* *f Ped.*

I am lov'd, and I love too,
Just as youths and maidens do,
Mothers— you have done the same,

So 'tis useless now to blame.
Hark! a footstep—someone's near—
Yes 'tis he— what brought him here?

Strange it is where'er we stray,
Sure 'tis in each others way.
Now a merry, merry youth and maid,

We are roaming through the glade,
Singing, as we stroll along,
Our merry, merry mountain song. etc

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sep4 tf At the Academy.

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The pupils are permitted to receive visits only from their parents, or from such as are formally authorized by them.

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Use of Piano, per annum	8

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oct9 tf

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2. The orphan is to have full opportunity (so far as the place may afford) of hearing Mass, attending to religious instructions, and otherwise discharging his or her religious duties.

3. The travelling expenses of the orphans to place of destination are to be paid by the persons to whom they may be bound out.

Satisfactory references will, of course, be required by the Committee, whose regular meetings are on the second and last Wednesday of each month. All communications to be addressed to Committee on Admissions and Binding, R. C. Orphan Asylum, Prince st., corner of Mott, New York.

Applicants wishing to see the orphans who are to be bound out, in order to make a choice from them, are referred to Mother Elizabeth, Sister Servant of the Asylum for Boys, Fifth avenue, between 51st and 52d streets, and Sister Mary Frances, Sister Servant of the Asylum for Girls, Prince street, corner of Mott.

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Chairman of Committee.
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✠ FRANCIS PATRICK,
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BALTIMORE, July 14, 1858.

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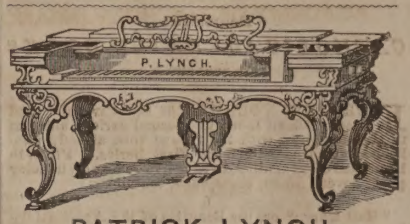

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NOTICE.—POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, DEC. 23, 1858.—There being dispute as to the circulation of the papers claiming the advertisement by this office of uncalled-for letters, notice is hereby given that I will receive evidence and decide upon the fact, pursuant to the regulations of the Post Office Department. A printed statement for the guidance of parties desiring to participate in the competition can be obtained at the Secretary's desk in this office.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

NOTICE.—This Office will be opened on New Year's Day until 12 o'clock, after which time it will be closed for the remainder of the day.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. Steamer KANGAROO, will close at this Office on SATURDAY, the 1st day of January, at 10 o'clock, A M.

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Information Wanted.

Of JAMES CALLAGHER, a native of Drumgoost, Co. Monaghan, Ireland; when last heard from, about 8 years ago, he was in some part of the British possessions in America. Any information respecting him will be thankfully received by his brother, Patrick Callagher, care of F. M. Tole, Newburgh, N. Y.

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